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THE NATION

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Military Spending

WHO WON THE DEBATE?

RICHARD F. KAUFMAN

The Good Sense of Amnesty

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

Seniority in the House

The Leaderless Majority

LES GAPAY

OJUKWU and the FALL OF BIAFRA

Bruce J. Oudes

'Mr. Sammler's Planet' / Beverly Gross

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LETTERS

quick jump

Barberton, Ohio
Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of Jan. 12 a correspondent attacks the "public ignorance" of those that make amalgams of drug addicts, murderers and hippies. At the same time, the writer, who probably fancies himself a liberal, a radical, a hippie or educated, jumps as readily as any Bircher to the conclusion that Manson and each of his group are guilty of the Tate murders.

James Thomas

candidate

New York City
Dear Sirs: David Hamilton [*The Nation*, Dec. 22] astutely defined the ideal successor to Rudolf Bing at the Metropolitan Opera: "Someone who will have the respect of the professionals working regularly in the house and of others whose guest appearances would be desirable; someone who knows the operatic literature (as distinct from the present repertory) and is in touch with current events in the world of composition. Only such a person has much hope of breathing new life into what will otherwise become the white elephant of Lincoln Center."

I have the very man. He works next door to the Met. He is Julius Rudel of the New York City Opera. The only problem will be the City Opera-goers, who would rather fight than switch. *Elias M. Schwarzbart*

also on trial

Cleveland, Ohio
Dear Sirs: On Jan. 21 of this year I went on trial in Chicago on state charges stemming from my participation in the Chicago demonstrations at the time of the Democratic National Convention in August 1968. As one of the co-chairmen of the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, I played an active role in trying to surface the genuine concern that many Americans felt about the issues of the war, racism and poverty. . . . In addition . . . I am listed as a nonindicted co-conspirator in the case of the Chicago 7.

Contributions to my defense expenses—which could amount to $40,000—may be sent to Prof. Sidney Peck Defense Fund, c/o Rev. Ray Miklethun, 11205 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44106. *Sidney M. Peck*

GIs for Peace

El Paso, Tex.
Dear Sirs: Readers of John Rechy's "The Army Fights an Idea" [*The Nation*, Jan. 12] about the Fort Bliss GIs for Peace may like to know of some of our more recent activities.

We have published the fifth issue of *Gigline*, planned a picket line of GIs to greet General Westmoreland when he visits El Paso, and laid the groundwork for a rally for all dissident GIs, to be held this month.

Most important, GIs for Peace has opened a movement center to serve as an office for peace activities in El Paso and a gathering point for GIs. This is currently the only center for peace activities in the city of El Paso. If we are successful, we should be able to weaken the traditionally militaristic attitude which now prevails.

GIs for Peace supports itself entirely through the contributions of GIs and through subscriptions to *Gigline*. Inquiries, subscriptions or contributions should be addressed to: GIs for Peace, Box 31094 Summit Hgts. Sta., El Paso, Tex. 79931. *Pvt. Ronald E. Withem*

EDITORIALS

Leveling and Balancing

In 1950 Washington, London and Paris agreed to maintain "a certain level and balance" in arms for the embittered nations of the Middle East. For whatever it was worth (not much, even while the parties were shaking hands) the declaration was shattered when, in 1955, the Soviets began exchanging arms for influence in the region. After that, France and Britain disemboweled the understanding completely by their invasion (with Israel) of Egypt. Another double cross has now been added to a melancholy record by the French sale of 100, or 110 Mirage jets to Libya, a country of some 1.8 million population.

Incidentally, this sellout should dispose of the notion that General de Gaulle was America's big problem in Europe, and that when he departed the traditional Franco-American cordiality would be resumed. Washington was not consulted in the matter of the Mirages; it was informed, but only by degrees. First the number of aircraft was stated to be fifteen, then fifty, then 100, and that figure may not be final. When Washington complained, French Defense Minister Michel Debré retorted, "Those people who scream are hypocrites. The Anglo-Saxons are afraid we will take their markets."

The French Government, under de Gaulle, appeared to be wooing the Arabs and turning against Israel, its erstwhile ally; but the embargo on armaments for Israel, which offended many Frenchmen, was not as total as it then appeared. It now turns out that it was "selective," and that Israel was being supplied with some parts and items of equipment all the time. (There is also the recent case of the five gunboats spirited from Cherbourg to Israel.) The French Government will double-cross everyone and anyone when to do so advances what it conceives to be the French interest. In that, of course, it exactly resembles every other government.

Nevertheless, the sale of these aircraft is bound to have gravely upsetting effects. The Libyans have about as much legitimate use for 100 Mirages as an inhabitant of the Sahara has for skis. The governments of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco will be none too happy about such an array of high-class fighter-bombers in their regions when, after a few years, Libyan pilots are trained to handle them. Or will the pilots be Libyans? No one much doubts that the planes are intended for use against Israel. They may be flown by Egyptians. Once the planes are delivered, during the next few years, the French will lose control over who uses them, and against whom. The French will train Libyans in France and in Libya to man the Mirages, and Egyptians can receive training in Libya. Egyptians, posing as Libyans, are said to have been members of the team which negotiated the deal for the aircraft in Paris, and the French must have been aware of the subter-

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fuge. The final irony is that the splendidly equipped Wheelus air base, which the United States is now evacuating, will be available for training and maintenance.

The Israelis will clamor louder than ever for American help in restoring the arms balance (which never did represent anything approaching equilibrium), and they are likely to get some Phantom jets, thereby raising the Middle East arms race another notch. The process is totally irrational in the large, but, fragment by fragment, everybody involved gets something he wants. The Libyans had been giving aid to the rebels in neighboring Chad, where the French Foreign Legion has been engaged in combat; this aid now will be discontinued. There are other considerations, such as the good health of the French military aircraft industry, which is in charge of the eminent French industrialist Marcel Dassault, an interesting hybrid. A Jew turned Catholic, who spent three years in Buchenwald because he refused to make planes for the Third Reich, he avows personal friendship for Israel. In a way, he epitomizes as an individual the confusions of international politics in the Middle East, and the perils the Great Powers are there building up for themselves.

A Certain Odor

Viewed from however many angles, the French-Libyan deal for those 100 Mirages can be only incompletely understood if oil is not taken into account. Oil, *Le Figaro* points out, gives the many faceted transaction "a certain odor." It could hardly be otherwise. The French want more Libyan oil, of which they now get almost $20 million worth a month. Algeria and Iraq are France's leading suppliers of petroleum; Libya comes next, and its oil is cheaper than Algeria's. Most Libyan oil production is controlled by American companies—Standard Oil of New Jersey, Continental Oil, Occidental Petroleum and others—and France wants in. A hundred Mirages can exert some leverage in that direction, for while France is a good customer of Libya, the reverse is not true—French exports to Libya total only $3.5 million a month, or only about a sixth of imports. The French have been bidding high for oil concessions in Libya, and their switch from love of Israel to love of Israel's Arab enemies is at least partly accounted for by such factors.

That may be abominable, but then so are the activities of the United States in the region. Despite all denials, we are following a course not altogether dissimilar. We are not likely to go as far or as fast, since Israel remains our ally, a redoubt against the Soviet Union. Nevertheless, our oil interests in the Middle East include some in Egypt. Nasser may breathe fire at Uncle Sam, but he has not expelled our technicians and business agents.

The French would seem to have a better case for wanting Libyan oil than we for wanting Egyptian

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oil. We have plenty already, at home and overseas, and the Alaskan North Slope promises to augment our supply materially.

When, as in the case of France vis-à-vis Libya, ways must be found of redressing an unfavorable trade balance, military aircraft are a much better means than consumer goods (which someone must be moved to consume). Tanks are not bad either, and according to one report, Libya may buy 200 French AMX-30s. But aircraft cost more per unit and hence are more impressive bribes. In American terms, the deal for the 100 Mirages is not impressively large. It is said to involve $160 million. What one would like to know is how soon another arms deal will be made, to keep the oil flowing.

Looking further into the future, one may note that Libya has a revolutionary, radical regime, committed to the extermination of Israel but, unlike Egypt, is able to buy arms without going into hock to the Soviet Union (or, as in the case of Jordan, to the United States). Thus a new element has been added to the Arab mix in the Middle East, different from both Egypt and the conservative monarchies like Saudi Arabia. It is not clear, however, that this will serve to alleviate tensions or reduce Great Power friction in the region. The little war goes on, with no assurance that it will remain little.

The Many Lives of SACB

When President Johnson in the summer of 1967 made a patronage appointment to the Subversive Activities Control Board (Simon F. McHugh, Jr., who had married Johnson's favorite private secretary a few months earlier), a storm broke over disclosures that the top redbaiting agency had performed literally no functions for the prior eighteen months. But instead of urging repeal of the statute which established SACB and which was riddled by adverse court decisions, President Johnson came to an understanding with the late Senator Dirksen which gave the agency a new lease on life. In exchange for the appointment of Bernard J. Waters as general counsel—Waters had served as Dirksen's legislative assistant—the Senator pushed through an amendment which sought to cure the constitutional defects of the statute.

But the new statute and the agency itself are once more in serious difficulties. On December 18 of last year, a unanimous Court of Appeals decision invalidated the statute on constitutional grounds. This had the effect of reversing three orders of the board requiring registration of alleged Communists, and of forestalling further action on six additional cases. Once again it seemed as though SACB had received a death sentence—but not so.

On December 31, the board issued an order abating all of the other cases on its docket, some thirteen in all, "pending possible review by the Supreme Court" of the Court of Appeals decision. If, as is quite likely, the Supreme Court grants review some time in the spring, it may be another year before its decision is handed down. In the meantime, board members and staff will continue to draw their salaries. And there is always the possibility that by the time the case is argued, new appointments—Judge Carswell for one, if he is confirmed—will tip the scales in the Court. President Nixon has made two appointments to the board: Otto Otepka, strongly backed by the Eastland-Thurmond-Ichord axis; and Paul O'Neil, a Florida investment broker who recently called two Washington television stations to be sure that they covered a certain Veterans' Day rally. Otepka is the new chairman of the board.

It will be fascinating to see whether these well-paying posts—$36,500 for the chairman and $36,000 for other board members—will continue to drain the federal treasury at a time when the Nixon Administration is huffing and puffing about a new determination to reduce government expenditures. But there is a more serious aspect to the matter. Currently pending in the Senate Judiciary Committee is a bill, S.12 (there is a related bill H.R.14864 in the House), which would create centralized machinery, under the control of the board, to handle all personal security matters throughout the government. Civil liberties organizations would do well to keep these two measures under close scrutiny.

De' Medici

Now that the football season is over, Mr. Nixon is devoting spare moments here and there in his schedule to insinuating the notion that his personal enthusiasms cover a wider range than gridiron strategy. About the middle of last month, he gave a one-man show in the White House to Andrew Wyeth, on which occasion the artist announced that he considered the gesture a tribute to all American artists. No survey has been taken to discover how many of Mr. Wyeth's contemporaries feel themselves honored by these reflections from his glory, but large sections of the public must have been gratified by the President's endorsement of the foremost contemporary practitioner of spooky nostalgia.

A week or so later, Mr. Nixon took the train (first time a U.S. President has used one since 1962—a stroke of intelligent publicity for the hard-pressed railroads) to attend a concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra that marked its seventieth birthday and that of its conductor, Eugene Ormandy. The concert

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opened with *Hail to the Chief*—all players standing—and closed with Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*. That's the one with the cannon fire, and the Valley Forge Military Academy band joined the orchestra to add martial overtones. Mr. Nixon presented Mr. Ormandy with the Medal of Freedom; *The New York Times* reported that the President and the First Lady "applauded vigorously throughout the concert," but presumably the statement is not to be taken literally.

That disposes of the graphic arts and music. (Mr. Nixon has also given a Medal of Freedom to Duke Ellington, thus demonstrating his regard for popular culture, and has indicated his alertness to military high style by garbing the White House police in a ceremonial uniform cunningly adapted from the honor-guard trappings of some Central American junta.) But surely the President is also a man of letters; one may confidently predict that before many weeks have passed an American writer will be invited to dine at the White House and have his lapel suitably embellished. But who? Writers are trickier than painters or musicians because they are in the business of saying things. Mr. Nixon's staff, which has not been entirely successful in vetting the President's protégés for the judiciary, might balk at the notion of combing through anyone's collected works. Indeed, writers who are both eminent and innocuous are not easily come by these days; Booth Tarkington has been dead for many years. When the lightning strikes, it will no doubt be as surprising as, in retrospect, it seems inevitable; but as of now we would advise Thornton Wilder to have his evening clothes brushed and pressed. Not that we would call Mr. Wilder innocuous—we rate him a good deal higher than that—but it stands to reason that *Our Town* must be the Nixon family's favorite American play.

Informing by Compulsion

A while back we expressed indignation that the role of government informer had been played by certain TV and printed-media reporters at the trial of the Chicago 7 (editorial, *The Nation*, November 3). Such double-dealing not only offends against the ethics of journalism but tends also to make the work of the reporter more difficult. In a broader context, its spread will inevitably damage the prestige of journalism in all its forms.

These inroads were only a limited threat, however, since the men were willing, paid informers; the responsibility in that context rests with the individuals, their employers, and the professional organizations to which they belong. Now the government has gone a step further by demanding that reporters serve as *involuntary* informers. At issue are the subpoenas calling on Richard S. Salant, who heads the Columbia Broadcasting news department, to produce tapes and "outtakes" (deleted footage) on a television program involving the Black Panthers, together with all correspondence, memoranda, notes and records of phone calls made in connection with arranging interviews, and all similar material.

TV faces a special danger in such a proceeding because of the nature of the medium. As every reporter knows, almost any interview contains—particularly in its early, "warm-up" stage—material that is ambiguous, irrelevant, or unrepresentative of the subject's real views. In the case of a newspaper or magazine writer, such matter is preserved, if it is recorded at all, in rough, fragmentary notes. But a television interviewer has his camera and sound equipment running at all times; both used and rejected segments "look" exactly the same. Fragments of "outtakes," run out of context and to prove an allegation, can quite illegitimately damn a man out of his own mouth.

In the present instance, Mr. Salant's first, understandable, reaction was not to respond to the court order. But the government does have the power of subpoena and conversations with reporters do not enjoy the privileged status accorded to doctor-patient, lawyer-client, priest-confessant relationships. All the same a quasi privilege has been given limited recognition—that is, if silence seems to him a matter of pressing public importance, a reporter may decline, at his risk, to name his sources. And it well may be that this inchoate "privilege" should now be extended and given formal recognition.

At the moment C.B.S. is attempting to induce the government to narrow the scope of the subpoenas to the specific points on which evidence is sought. That seems to be a reasonable position; subpoenas as broad as that originally issued are merely "fishing expeditions"—akin to warrants that do not specify what it is that the authorities seek. Law-enforcement officials naturally throw out the broadest possible net; one never knows just what may "turn up." What one does know is that, in a modern, complex state, personal freedom is always a matter of balancing the requirements of society against the rights of the individual. In this time of "law and order," with "conspiracy" being used as a club against those who hold unpopular views, and with electronic snooping becoming more sophisticated each year, the long-range public interest will not be served if broadcasting networks and stations are required to produce on demand every scrap of working material that excites the curiosity of law-enforcement officers. For one thing, TV journalism will lose the limited confidence it now enjoys among its natural subjects; for another, encroachments on individual rights may be extended.

We hope that C.B.S. will stick to the position it has taken and will if necessary press the matter in the courts in an effort to get a ruling on the limitations of the courts and, for that matter, Congressional comittees, to demand material of this sort. An issue of major importance is here in the making and the sooner it is considered, and legally resolved, the better for all concerned.

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SENIORITY IN THE HOUSE

THE LEADERLESS MAJORITY

LES GAPAY
Mr. Gapay, formerly on the staff of the Sacramento Bee, *is a reporter for the* Congressional Quarterly, *Washington.*

Washington

Confrontation after confrontation can be expected this year as Congress shapes the issues for the upcoming election campaigns. In the House, where the 245-to-188 Democratic majority will be the GOP target, the Democrats are a horse without a rider.

A rift exists between the younger and more liberal Democrats and the party's leadership, headed by 78-year-old Speaker John W. McCormack. "He's a nice enough old guy," remarked one McCormack foe in the House, "but he's out of touch with other members and with the problems of today."

Under McCormack, who has been in Congress since 1928, the House Democrats are in disarray. Liberal members complain that he is not responsive to younger Congressmen who want to revamp certain mechanics of the House which they say stand in the way of progressive legislation. Another criticism of McCormack is that by allowing his own power to erode, he has enhanced the power of individual committee chairmen, most of whom are conservatives from safe Southern districts who rise steadily in the seniority system as their constituencies dutifully return them to Washington.

Liberals blame McCormack and his lieutenants, Rep. Carl Albert of Oklahoma, the majority leader, and Rep. Hale Boggs of Louisiana, the Democratic whip, for losing major pieces of legislation in 1969. These included failure to extend the Voting Rights Act and the weakening of it by Nixon Administration amendments, and passage of language (the Whitten amendment) in the 1970 education appropriations bill that would have slowed school integration in the South had it not been changed in the Senate. "The erosion of the size and magnitude of some of the domestic programs could have been prevented by strong leadership," says Rep. Frank Thompson (D., N.J.), a McCormack opponent.

Anti-war Congressmen complain of the Democratic leadership's support last fall of a resolution endorsing President Nixon's peace efforts in Vietnam. Only fifty-four Democrats and one Republican voted against the resolution, but many who voted in favor blamed the leadership for putting them in the position of having to be recorded on the issue.

Liberals are also annoyed by Albert's failure last session to support their successful effort to boost appropriations for education, by McCormack's endorsement last summer of the Administration's surtax extension proposal and by Boggs's speedy handling of it in the Ways and Means Committee. (Boggs ran the committee while Chairman Mills was ill.)

Speaker McCormack also has been under great pressure, and has frequently appeared visibly disturbed, because of the controversy arising from the alleged use of his office as a base for influence peddling. His top assistant, Martin Sweig, who is under federal indictment, charged with using the office to influence matters before government agencies, has been a McCormack employee since 1945. After suspending Sweig last October, McCormack said to reporters: "How do you feel about someone you've known for twenty-four years and who grew up in your office?" When the indictment was announced on January 12, McCormack remarked, "A man is innocent until proved to the contrary." Nathan M. Voloshen, indicted on the same charge by the New York federal grand jury, had been a friend of McCormack for at least twenty years. However, McCormack distinguishes between Voloshen and Sweig. He says that the New York lawyer-lobbyist was a "public not a personal friend."

McCormack himself gave testimony by deposition to the grand jury. When asked if charges would be filed against the Speaker, the prosecutor (U.S. Attorney Robert M. Morgenthau of New York, a Democrat who has since been replaced with a Republican) said: "I must stay within the bounds of the indictment [against Sweig and Voloshen]. There are no charges of wrongdoing against Speaker McCormack."

Before the scandal broke, friends of McCormack had anticipated that he would retire from office at the end of the current Congress. But soon after the Sweig-Voloshen investigation came to light last October, he announced plans to run for another term in Congress and another as Speaker. His backers are lining up votes in the House for McCormack a year in advance, and claim that a recent count gives any challenger only fifteen to twenty votes in addition to the fifty-eight that were cast against the Speaker in 1969. Allegations concerning his office have only strengthened belief among House members in McCormack's integrity, the backers say.

House reformists claim that McCormack's chances of being re-elected Speaker in the 92nd session of Congress which begins in January 1971 are dwindling. They say that many Congressmen who voted for him in 1969 had in mind giving him one last round. Rep. Morris K. Udall (D., Ariz.) ran for the Speakership in January 1969, losing by a Democratic caucus vote of 178 to 58. He challenged McCormack, he said, because there was "an overriding need for new directions and new leadership."

Most opponents of McCormack agree that the strongest contender for Speaker would be Albert, who has support from both conservatives and lib-

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erals. Albert has cooperated behind the scenes with the Democratic Study Group (DSG), an organization of about 125 House liberals and moderates, most of whom are dissatisfied with the present leadership.

However, the McCormack opposition is split. Some oppose Albert ("The majority leader mirrors the Speaker's activity or lack of it," said one liberal) and favor a younger liberal like Udall or James G. O'Hara (D., Mich.). Being a Westerner, Udall is not anathema to Southern Democrats. ("He's not like some of them Northern liberals," remarked one Oklahoma Democrat.) Albert's own position is that he is part of the House leadership under McCormack and that leadership should not be divided. He has said he would not actively challenge McCormack for the job.

Albert can become annoyed by criticism of the leadership. "If McCormack and the leadership are to blame for some of the defeats in the House, then McCormack and the leadership are responsible for some of the successes too."

Albert argues that the Democrats no longer enjoy the voting power they had before losing forty-seven seats in the 1966 elections and five in 1968. For example, the Administration's Voting Rights substitute, called a defeat for civil rights forces, won in the House by five votes, 208 to 203. Albert said afterward that he was "down to the bottom of the barrel" on votes and that GOP leader Gerald R. Ford "had several more in his pocket if he needed them."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

With a Republican as President, the Republican House leadership seems in better control of its forces than are the Democrats. Ford of Michigan and Leslie C. Arends of Illinois, the minority whip, have close rapport with the White House. The House Republican leaders do not have the problem of their counterparts in the Senate, where many younger Republicans cannot be counted on by the White House for unfailing support. However, House Republicans do have a liberal in the leadership, Rep. John Anderson of Illinois, chairman of the Republican Conference and next in rank after Arends. Anderson, 47, in Congress since 1961, replaced Melvin Laird in the post when Laird became Defense Secretary. He refused to back the Administration's weakening of the Voting Rights Act in December. As chairman of the Conference (all House Republicans) he has spoken up frequently on controversial matters.

The Democratic leadership, especially McCormack, has frequently been criticized by members for not being sufficiently alert to the Republican challenges. "On the Voting Rights Act and the poverty program (Office of Economic Opportunity extension, which was passed) the leadership didn't do a damn thing," Representative Thompson asserted.

The anti-McCormack sentiment comes increasingly into the open. At a recent meeting between the Speaker and House Education and Labor Committee members, Rep. William L. Clay (D., Mo.), forty-one years McCormack's junior, barked at him: "Look, I'm not interested in what you did before I was born." McCormack replied: "I think some of you want to run the House." "That's perfectly true," said Thompson, "some of us do."

Another confrontation occurred at the December meeting of all House Democrats. In the closed-door session, Rep. Jerome R. Waldie of California, 44, accused McCormack of failing in his leadership role by supporting the House resolution endorsing President Nixon's Vietnamese program. The Democratic leaders, he said, were doing the Administration's bidding. Rep. Brock Adams of Washington, 42, joined Waldie in the criticism. McCormack snapped angrily at Waldie: "You have no right to criticize me."

McCormack's friendship with Southern conservatives is also resented by his opponents. Members generally agree that the Speaker, although he is from New England, has smoother relations with the Southern wing of the party than did his Texas predecessor, Sam Rayburn. An aide to one conservative Mississippi Democrat said the Representative would support McCormack over any potential contender for Speakers, and that his second choice was Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.), chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. (Mills has become increasingly popular in the House since he put together the 1969 Tax Reform bill.) One of the most senior members of the House described McCormack's role as being a

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referee between factions rather than a leader, and said that on key votes he is "afraid to crack the whip" over the Southerners.

Some Congressmen have forecast that, if it appears McCormack is to be replaced as Speaker by a liberal, the Southern Democrats may unite with Republicans to elect a Republican Speaker. Liberals doubt it. Said one: "The Southern Democrats aren't about to give up their chairmanships to get a Republican Speaker. And the Republicans have been waiting in line for a lot of committee and subcommittee chairmanships if they gain control of the House. The Republicans wouldn't stand for a deal with the Southern Democrats. Some of those poor bastards have been in line for chairmanships for fifteen years."

Many House liberals also want to replace House Whip Boggs with a Northerner closer to their views. The job is appointive by the majority leader with approval of the Speaker. Members have discussed making it an elective post. The same group questions the vote-getting ability of Boggs and of the House leadership in general. The DSG has its own system for notifying Congressmen of key votes in the offing, and publishes a weekly supplement to Boggs's whip notice scheduling legislation. Boggs, a civil rights supporter in the past ("I voted for Voting Rights and for open housing and make no apologies for it," he said on the House floor last August 11), voted for the Administration bill replacing the Voting Rights law. He told friends in the House the day before the vote he could not support the national Democratic position of continuing the present Voting Rights law because of pressure from his district.

Opposition to the whip has increased in recent months because Boggs has been angering and embarrassing members on the floor. During an argument with one Congressman recently, Boggs remarked to the House: "Let me say that I learned long ago to be able to disagree without being disagreeable. And I think everyone knows that that is what I try to practice."

However, several of his colleagues have complained in recent months to McCormack and Albert that Boggs was abusing his authority by being aggressive toward members with whom he disagrees and by even reading them off after a debate. Boggs, who is said to be a heavy drinker, has appeared nervous on several occasions since last summer, when he put in long days on the tax reform and surtax measures. Last July 25, Boggs held a two and a half hour rambling press conference, moving from topic to topic. After committee passage of the oil depletion allowance cut, Boggs made the point that it was he, Hale Boggs from the oil state of Louisiana, who was responsible for the reduction. Boggs also rambles on the floor of the House, for example, during a debate last August 11 on a money bill for the District of Columbia. He talked about a fishing trip he went on with Speaker Rayburn, a breakfast with Washington's Mayor Walter Washington, his 1968 campaign, the South and race relations, a trip behind the iron curtain, his voting record on civil rights, the Tax Reform and Surcharge bill he said he worked on "for months, night and day."

Bogg's remarks began: "Mr. Chairman, I am very happy to support the substitute amendment. So far as the matter of money is concerned it amounts to about $10 million more than the District of Columbia is now receiving."

Mr. Abernethy: "Mr. Chairman, if the gentleman will yield, the gentleman is just $15 million off."

Mr. Boggs: "All right, let us say $25 million."

Mr. McMillan: "It is supposed to be $30 million."

Mr. Boggs: "All right, $30 million or whatever the correct figure is."

One Congressional leader recalls that Boggs embarrassed his colleagues and President Nixon at a Congressional briefing at the White House last year. Participants were each given three minutes to talk, according to the source who was there. Boggs talked for about thirty minutes over attempts to shut him off and then abruptly left.

Aside from the question of leadership, one of the biggest irritations for the House's younger generation (members in their 30s and 40s), is the seniority system. After his re-election as Speaker in 1969, McCormack gave restive members a concession which may now be turned against the system. He authorized monthly meetings of the Democratic caucus at which all Democratic members may speak freely on party procedures and public issues. This has created the possibility of attempting to modify the seniority advancement system by votes in the caucus. A DSG study published last year showed that one-third of the Democratic committee and subcommittee chairmen voted more in line with the Republican opposition in the 90th Congress than for Democratic programs.

McCormack is careful to guard the seniority system even at the expense of alienating younger members. Albert also reveres seniority. "The seniority system is needed to organize the House," he said. "If committee chairmen were elected every year there would be chaos, delays and trading of votes." Albert, however, has told friends that too many conservative committee chairmen defect from the Democratic Party on critical votes. Albert's view is that major committee chairmen should be made an active part of the House leadership, rather than that the more venerable members should be crippled by the loss of their seniority.

Many McCormack opponents point to the Speaker himself as an argument against the seniority system, claiming that he has lost much of his alertness and initiative in the last several years. His intimates dispute this. Said one close friend, Rep. Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill, Jr., of Massachusetts: "The Speaker is as alert, sharp and as keen as the day he came in here." □

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WHO WON THE DEBATE?

RICHARD F. KAUFMAN
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Washington

What did the attempt in 1969 to cut defense spending accomplish and what effect will it have on the future? Post-mortems on last year's military debate have ranged from sad elegies on the premature death of a movement to joyous celebrations for the rebirth of an old-fashioned American tradition, demobilization. To make an informed judgment one needs perspective on the clash between Pentagon and Congress.

The sixties began with a defense budget of $44 billion, moved to $49 billion by 1962, hovered around that amount for three years, then dropped down to $47 billion in 1965. That year it was decided to make Vietnam into a major war, and by 1969 military spending had shot up to almost $80 billion. The long-term trend, dating back to the pre-Korean build-up, has been for the defense budget to expand. Since 1965 this tendency has been uncontrollable.

Except for the protest votes of a few mavericks like Joseph Clark and Ernest Gruening in the Senate, and George Brown and William Fitts Ryan in the House, Congress had given little indication up to the start of last year that it would oppose the big military spenders. For years the neo-Keynesians had been assuring everyone that all forms of government spending, whether for civilian or military programs, conferred similar benefits on the economy; they went so far as to hurl epithets at the Eisenhower administration for not devoting enough of the nation's resources to national security. The idea, drawn from a deep well of New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier and Great Society convictions, was that it is better to turn funds over to the military for weapons procurement, which would increase employment, technical and scientific talent, technological innovations, and plant capacity, than to allow them to be spent by individual taxpayers for consumer luxuries.

The more orthodox policy makers have rarely applied their faith in fiscal responsibility beyond the narrow bounds of the civilian side of the federal budget. Thus while welfare programs were kept lean and austere, in accordance with the Protestant ethic, defense was judged by a different standard and allowed to grow fat and profuse. The standard for defense has never been clearly articulated by the guardians of fiscal morality. No doubt it was composed in part of fears engendered by the cold war and the Red menace, with a strong assist from the influential beneficiaries of high-level defense spending, the military establishment and the defense industry. The Friedmanite monetarists were able to rationalize their insensitivity to the growth of the military juggernaut on the theory that inflationary stresses from just about any amount of increased spending could be offset through proper adjustment of the money supply.

Liberals and conservatives disagreed on everything except the need for a large and continually expanding defense budget. Congress, stirred by the rhetoric of White House speech writers and its own, went along. The result was a profligate fiscal policy with regard to defense and a public works project for the military and industrial elite. Against this discouraging backdrop and in the midst of a still bloody war, with the Pentagon demanding that its funds be increased, the question was raised in Congress whether defense spending ought to be reduced.

The part played by the anti-ballistic missile program (ABM) in the overall debate was important but misunderstood. The search for an ABM system had been the subject of controversy for more than ten years and had already cost several billions of dollars when it was first seriously challenged in the Senate in 1968 (Senator Clark had single-handedly battled against it the year before). In that year Senators Hart and Cooper sponsored an amendment to delete the funds for construction of ABM sites. The purpose was to delay the program for a year, during which research and development would continue, so that, in the words of Cooper, "We might find out more certainly whether the system has any value."

Much of the argument concerned what effects the new weapon would have on the arms race and whether it would work after it was deployed. Few Senators stressed as an argument against ABM the need to reduce military spending. Sen. Charles Percy inserted this statement from James Douglas, former Secretary of the Air Force and Under Secretary of Defense: "The requirement to reduce the military budget without affecting the war effort suggests postponement of any deployment of the so-called Sentinel anti-ballistic missile system." Senator Clark juxtaposed the recently enacted 10 per cent surtax for the war with the decision to cut $6 billion from federal expenditures. The entire reduction, said Clark, could be made up entirely "out of the swollen defense budget." The amendment lost 34 to 52, but observers were surprised by the number who had voted to delay the program.

When the ABM dispute arose again in 1969 the opponents had the advantage of growing public hostility to the weapon system. Site construction in cities across the nation drew protests from citizens who saw their property values and their lives endangered by

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arrival of nuclear-tipped missiles in their own back yards. An impressive array of scientists and former high government officials, including many from the Defense Department, reinforced the doubts about the technical performance of the system and fears as to its impact on the arms race. The Nixon Administration changed the name of the ABM game from Sentinel to Safeguard, reversed its orientation from the Chinese threat to the Soviet threat, and modified its mission from the defense of the cities to defense of the Minuteman fleet of ICBMs. As far as the critics were concerned, however, the basic facts did not change. First, ABM would escalate the nuclear arms race; second, the system would be a technical failure; third, it would cost billions of dollars—estimates ranged from $10 billion to $40 billion and up.

In 1969, concern over the way government funds were being spent was summed up by the phrase, "national priorities." By this was meant the allocation of the nation's resources to areas of low priority, when areas of high priority cried for attention. As the ABM dialogue moved forward, some participants asked whether earmarking billions for this program was a proper ordering of the nation's priorities in view of the condition of the cities, poverty, pollution, etc. But the emphasis, as in the prior year, was on the arms race consequences and especially the technical feasibility of the system. The main thrust of the opposition was not that the potential contribution of ABM to national security was so slight that it ought not to be funded, or that there were more important uses for the money it would absorb. Rather, it was that there were so many unanswered questions and doubts about the program that it needed to be slowed down and re-examined. The solution proposed was not to cancel the program; it was, in 1969 as in 1968, to delay deployment a year for further research and development.

Thus right up to the final day of debate, the Senate did not ask itself whether to put a halt to the ABM program. The Cooper-Hart amendment, offered a second time, merely proposed that funds be authorized only for the purpose of research and development, in effect suspending deployment for twelve months or until another military authorization bill was before Congress. Significantly, the amendment left untouched most of the funds requested for ABM. Only the use of the funds was being circumscribed. For this reason a number of Senators not normally eager to question the decisions of the military planners could feel comfortable supporting Cooper-Hart. Their position was that they did not oppose ABM; they only wanted to see a little more research and development spent on it.

The shocker came when Sen. Margaret Chase Smith offered an amendment on the final day of the debate to cut off all Safeguard ABM funds and thereby terminate it. Her logic was unassailable. If the program was as defective and as dangerous as many of its critics maintained, why have it at all? "Why waste funds on research and development of a system in which you have no confidence?" The ABM program, Senator Smith maintained, "is too vulnerable and too costly and would be a waste of resources at a time when we must carefully determine our national priorities." Therefore, Safeguard ought to be given no funds at all.

The Smith amendment garnered eleven votes. Cooper-Hart lost very narrowly, 51 to 49, and all other efforts to oppose military spending last year are usually compared to it. According to this criterion, the Cooper-Hart ABM vote was the high-water mark of the struggle to restrain the 1969 military spending bill, and the votes that followed represent a decline from the critics' peak strength.

But this conclusion fails to take into account the nature of the Cooper-Hart vote. It was not an accurate measure of Senate opposition to excessive military spending, because the amendment did not squarely face that issue. Since it was an oblique rather than a direct confrontation, the ABM vote had the unfortunate effect of exaggerating the growth of the new attitude toward the defense budget, and it created the illusion that the switch of only a few votes would turn the tide altogether. The real measure, as of early August, when Senator Smith offered her challenge, was probably closer to the eleven votes registered in favor of her amendment.

The deeper significance of the ABM fight was its effectiveness as a rallying point for large segments of the public, the scientific and academic communities, former government officials, and members of Congress against a weapon system that promised to diminish rather than enhance national security. In the process, many persons received their first lessons in defense analysis and they found the discipline accessible to ordinary reason. Because of the good showing the opponents made in the floor debates, and the excellent support they elicited from individual constituents and from such *ad hoc* citizens' groups as the National Citizens Committee Concerned About Deployment of the ABM, headed by Arthur Goldberg and Roswell Gilpatric, a number of them were emboldened to probe further into military affairs. These effects spread to the House of Representatives, where later in the fall 105 members voted in favor of a Cooper-Hart type of amendment —a display of dissatisfaction with military leadership not often seen in the House.

Following the ABM vote, and in the few days remaining before the mid-summer Congressional recess, the Senate took up the first batch of the many amendments directed against other portions of the military authorization act. Among them were an amendment, introduced by Sen. Richard Schweiker, directing the Defense Department to make quarterly reports to Congress on the costs of major weapons systems; a proposal by Sen. Gaylord Nelson to regulate the production and deployment of chemical

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and biological warfare agents, and one by Sens. Thomas Eagleton and Mark Hatfield to delete $54 million designated for the Main Battle Tank, pending a report by the General Accounting Office on the huge cost overruns plaguing this program. The Schweiker and Nelson amendments passed; a compromise was reached on the Main Battle Tank whereby the General Accounting Office was asked to make a report on the program to the Armed Services Committee which would then reconsider the question of continuing it. In the belief that the committee would take the funds out of the bill if the report indicated that the program was too costly, Eagleton and Hatfield withdrew their amendment.

A measure proposed by Sen. Joseph Tydings to reduce the research and development emergency fund (some called it a slush fund) was modified to a smaller cut and adopted, and Sen. William Fulbright was able to remove $45 million from the Pentagon's social science and foreign policy grant program.

It was, for the military critics, one summer of happiness. The slim margin of the ABM defeat had been heralded as a moral victory, and the string of small successes that followed was interpreted by some observers as further proof that the big military spenders were being routed. Secretary Melvin Laird's announcement during the recess that, due to Congressional pressure, defense spending would be cut by as much as $3 billion added to the euphoria. But after Labor Day, Congress and reality returned to Washington. The budget cutters put forth some of their best arguments against some of the worst programs and were voted down handily on each one: proposals to cut back or postpone the C-5A Cargo Plane, F-14 Fighter, AMSA Bomber, and Nuclear Aircraft Carrier programs were all defeated. What had happened?

The difference in the critics' fortunes before and after the recess was, to a large extent, a matter of money. The August amendments concerned new regulations and attempts to place controls over the Pentagon's use of funds in programs which, for the most part, did not involve major weapons systems or great (by Pentagon standards) amounts of money. It is one thing to attack open-air testing of lethal chemical agents and disease-producing biological micro-organisms, or to blow the whistle on military research grants into such problems as "The Decline in Paternalism Among Peruvian and Japanese Laborers." It is something else to attempt to cancel a major weapon system, for every one of these involves contracts for hundreds of millions, often billions, of dollars with large defense firms who employ workers by the tens of thousands. Obviously, military contractors do not stand idle while Congress deliberates over their contracts. In addition, each major weapon system can vitally affect the relative influence and status of the military services and they, too, become something more than dispassionate onlookers during such debates. How prestigious

would the Navy be without a carrier fleet, or the Air Force without a manned bomber fleet, or the Army without a tank fleet? The one system other than ABM attacked by an amendment in August—the Main Battle Tank—after being withdrawn by agreement, was re-endorsed by the Armed Services Committee after it had received from the General Accounting Office a report very critical of the program.

On the other hand, while the attempts to take out some of the weapons were not successful, the votes indicated that the critics were making headway in the sense that more Senators went on record to eliminate large sums of money from the bill than had ever done so before. For example, twenty-three Senators voted for Sen. William Proxmire's amendment to cut out more than $500 million from the C-5A. Only eleven, it will be recalled, had voted for the Smith proposal to take all the money away from the Safeguard ABM. Senator Smith was able to improve upon her earlier showing: she reintroduced her ABM amendment on the appropriations bill on December 15 and received thirty-six votes. These votes and the corresponding ones in the House, though modest, represent dramatic progress over the year before, when Senator Clark, for example, could muster no more than six of his colleagues against the proposed new bomber defense system (called AWACS) and similar numbers on other programs, and when the opposition to his arguments against the Manned Orbiting Lab (MOL) was so rigid that he was discouraged from even introducing the amendment he had prepared against it.

The fundamental failure of the floor efforts in both Houses was that all the advanced weapons survived

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the challenges intact and no substantial money cuts were achieved while the bill was being considered. But this should not detract from what was accomplished. In the first place, the funds recommended by the Armed Services Committees were substantially lower than the Administration had requested, and it is generally agreed that the demands made by the military critics for defense reductions influenced the actions of the committees. In a move of long-term importance, $1 billion was taken out of the research and development program alone.

Second, the relatively minor reductions and the non-money amendments tacked on to the authorization act were also not insignificant. In addition to the amendments on chemical and biological warfare, social science research, and the Pentagon's emergency fund, Senator Proxmire successfully proposed that (*1*) the General Accounting Office conduct the first comprehensive study of defense profits; (2) a directory be compiled and kept up to date of retired military officers employed by defense contractors and of former contractor officials employed by the Pentagon; and (*3*) the category of military research known as *independent* research and development be cut 20 per cent. In addition, a ceiling was placed on total troop strength, though hardly low enough for many critics, a cost and effectiveness study of the nuclear attack aircraft carriers was ordered, the Pentagon agreed to hold up spending on the Main Battle Tank until it could complete a study of that program, and a number of small weapons were added to the list of items that must be specifically authorized each year rather than simply contained in an appropriation. This last change will improve Congress' ability to control military spending, assuming the willingness to exercise control persists.

Third, thoughout the year decisions about weapons systems were announced by the Pentagon that served to vindicate those who had tried to point out the waste inherent in the defense budget by examining specific programs. In May production of the Cheyenne Helicopter was halted, a step that Rep. Otis Pike, one of the "fearless five" dissident members of the House Armed Services Committee, had been urging for more than a year. In June the MOL was canceled. In November, after the authorization acts were completed, President Nixon proclaimed a limitation of the use of chemical agents and a renunciation of germ warfare, although the germ ban has since been revealed as only a partial ban because of a recent redefining of biological toxins. Also in November, the Air Force announced that it would purchase eighty-one rather than 120 C-5A cargo planes due to its increased costs, thus conceding much of Proxmire's criticism of that program. Such developments encourage continued Congressional effort.

On December 3, some of the most stinging criticism of military spending in recent years emanated from an unlikely source, the House Appropriations Committee. Throughout the year, Rep. George Mahon, chairman of the committee, had been giving hints of dissatisfaction with the military budget and with the military in general. In an exchange on the floor of the House, May 21, Mahon asserted that "The military has made so many mistakes, it has generated a lack of confidence"—whereupon Rep. L. Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, accused him of "playing into the hands of the enemies of the military." The December report of the Mahon committee cited chapter and verse. The year 1969, it concluded, was the year of the cost overrun; "No single year stands out in which inordinate escalations in costs for Defense weapons systems developments and procurements have been surfaced to the extent they have been this year during the hearings." Punching a hole in the Pentagon's usual explanation for cost overruns, the committee found that inflation accounted for only 11.4 per cent of the increases identified, and "It can be said that cost overruns in fact have contributed to inflation." The report went on to indict the Pentagon for sloppy contracting methods and questionable practices with regard to justifications for programs presented to Congress.

More important, the committee recommended an appropriation $5.3 billion below the Nixon revised request, and $4.4 billion below the amount actually appropriated the year before. The Senate then removed an additional $627 million, and the conference committee restored about half of that amount. The appropriation finally passed was thus $5.6 billion below Nixon's request. The Senate also placed in the bill a prohibition against the use of U.S. ground troops in Laos and Thailand and a requirement that funds appropriated but not spent or obligated by the Defense Department be identified after certain periods of time—further evidence of a strong sentiment that Congress should exercise greater control over defense spending.

The appropriation was the first since 1965 to be less than that of the year before; it showed the largest reduction since the post-Korean War year of 1954. That is not to say that total defense spending will actually be reduced by any given amount. The appropriation bill referred to contains most but not all the moneys appropriated for defense. Military construction is handled as a separate piece of legislation, as are such military-related appropriations as foreign military aid. Also, the regular defense appropriations bills can be, and usually are, augmented by supplemental appropriations. The supplementals are sometimes wildly unpredictable. In 1967 the Johnson administration asked additional sums of close to $13 billion, because of a miscalculation of the costs of Vietnam.

There is reason for restrained optimism with regard to total appropriations this year. (They can never be considered complete while supplementals can still be introduced and acted upon, and these

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can be submitted any time up to June 30, the end of the fiscal year. Technically, the appropriations process is not over until the fiscal year is over.) In addition to the large reduction in the main defense appropriation, both the military construction and the military foreign aid appropriations were below the amounts requested, and the only supplemental that now appears on the horizon will be relatively small —about $1 billion to pay for the military pay raise enacted last year.

But there is a hitch: the amounts appropriated by Congress differ from the amounts spent by the Pentagon. This discrepancy arises because money appropriated in one year, but not spent, is then carried over to subsequent years. The time lags between appropriation and expenditure vary with the type of program, the greatest lag occurring on procurement. For this reason we can anticipate substantial delays between appropriation reductions and spending reductions, and the full amount of last year's cuts will not be realized immediately.

Taking all of this into account, we can estimate total Defense Department expenditures in fiscal 1970 of about $76 billion. This compares with $77.3 billion in 1968 and $77.9 billion in 1969. The difference, if the estimate holds up, would be an actual reduction of about $2 billion from last year.

Balancing off this healthy sign is the fact that, with the exception of the MOL and Cheyenne programs canceled early last year, and the cutback in the number of C-5As to be purchased, all the major weapons systems were allowed to go forward. Since an unusual number of new programs are getting off the ground or into the water this year, and since their major funding is yet to come, the stage is clearly being set for another big defense budget *Putsch*. For example, a mere $100 million was appropriated for AMSA this year, but it will probably cost more than $15 billion eventually, and annual appropriations will soon total several hundred million dollars a year. The same can be said for the new fighter aircraft, the carriers, the Main Battle Tank, and several other weapons which got their big feet in the door this year. If old and new weapons systems continue to be funded, it matters not what cuts are made in manpower, operations and maintenance, research and development, in stretch-outs of hardware programs, or in the closing of bases; the pressures will ultimately develop for once again enlarging the overall budget. Congress shied away from this issue in 1969, but one day soon it will have to be met. If there is not a weeding out of the marginal and excessively ambitious programs at various stages of their development, last year's struggle will have achieved at best a temporary dip in expenditures, to be followed by another upward thrust.

Congress did not turn the military establishment around in 1969, and perhaps it was too much to expect that twenty years of almost constant military growth would be reversed in one. In fact, defense spending increased somewhat in fiscal 1969. But Congress did make a start. It appropriated less money and reclaimed some of its controls over the Pentagon by legislating them back into existence. Its method of analysis and attack, weapon system by weapon system, proved very effective and succeeded in keeping the military on the defensive throughout the year. The critics demonstrated their willingness to work hard in order to understand defense programs; their future success as critics will largely depend on their persistence in straightening out what Senator Fulbright has termed our cockeyed priorities.

The Senate debate over the military authorization bill, which was the longest military debate in the history of Congress, and the many hearings into military affairs conducted by Senators Proxmire, Fulbright, Symington, Gore and Ribicoff, have helped to establish a better understanding of how the Pentagon and its industrial allies operate. It raised serious doubts, if not indignation, over the wisdom of entrusting to their hands so much of the nation's wealth and power. At the very least, the issue of defense spending has been removed from the sanctuary of the high priests of military authority and brought into the light for all congregations to see. By doing that much, Congress has shaken itself free of some of the myths that have enveloped the military budget for so long. One was the assumption that it was somehow preordained for defense expenditures in the nuclear age to comprise between 8 and 10 per cent of the gross national product, and that so long as the figure hovered in this range it was acceptable. This supposition has been rejected partly because the enormous amount of waste disclosed by last year's investigations proved that defense spending is excessive; partly because members of Congress have learned to ask some of the more important questions and to challenge the basic assumptions underlying military policy. For example, the real question with regard to the size of the budget is not what proportion of GNP it represents, or whether the percentage should be raised or lowered, or whether it is equal to the square of the moon's diameter. The real question is whether we are investing too little or too much of our resources to achieve the only rational objective for a military establishment, national defense.

By spending such time and energy on these matters, Congressmen have begun to understand how critical it is to deal with the defense budget. The issue of defense is going through the process of socialization, just as the issues of civil rights, poverty and hunger, and pollution of the environment have gone through a similar process in recent years. Like these civilian issues, defense is no longer thought to be the exclusive province of any body of experts in the executive or legislative branches. Increasingly, members of Congress have made themselves fully qualified and competent to speak out,

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raise questions, make suggestions, and exercise their individual judgment about civilian issues, regardless of their committee assignments or background and training. Defense policy is rapidly coming to be viewed with the same degree of urgency. It is too important to be left to the military or to the professional experts who have botched things badly up to now.

What the public now needs to understand is that defense, like many other questions, is too important to be left to the government to determine by itself. The anti-ABM movement was one of the better examples in recent years of a coalition of people, groups and elected officials committed to a major change of policy, and the fact that it did as well as it did is a sign that it is still possible to strive toward public resolution of public issues. Unfortunately, that coalition turned out to be too ephemeral to sustain its pressure during the debate over military spending that followed the ABM vote. The steady stream up Capitol Hill of citizens groups, emissaries from the universities, ex-officials and statesmen who indefatigably buttonholed their Congressmen and Senators to argue the case against the ABM, who held conferences, wrote papers, reports and speeches, conducted press conferences and took out ads in major dailies, slowed to a trickle after that first August vote. When the debate resumed in September it had dried up almost completely. There were no packed galleries after ABM.

But for a while last year, the juices flowed again in Congress, a branch of government which many persons thought too withered to show any life. As Ruth Gordon, age 72, said upon receiving her first Academy Award in 1969, "I can't tell you how encouraging a thing like this is." □

CANADA IN SEARCH OF ITSELF

EDWARD COWAN
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Toronto

Canada, a half-continent in search of an identity, is becoming increasingly nationalistic and the new nationalism has a strongly anti-American flavor. In the mid-1960s, Canadians could still debate the merits of remaining independent or joining the United States. Now, such discussion is inconceivable.

It is not simply that many Canadians have been repelled by the war in Vietnam and frightened by ghetto riots. To be sure, these events have soured the Canadians even as they have many Americans—although, it must be added, affection and admiration linger north of the border. ("You feel let down by your uncles," said a Toronto professor's wife.) The sources of rebellion—a word that will make Canadians smile knowingly, implying, as it does, a certain loyalty—go deeper. Canada, having only thirty-eight years ago won from Britain complete freedom to pass its own laws, now seeks to free itself from the economic and cultural embrace of the United States. For example, the Canadian Radio-Television Commission has just prohibited the microwave relay of television signals from the United States, thereby denying reception of American programs to viewers who live beyond reach of American transmitters.

Some say that the dazzling Expo 67 fair, in celebration of Canada's centennial as a national state, made the quest for identity less anti-American and more pro-Canadian. As a relative statement, that may be so. Nevertheless, Canada's search for itself is primarily an exercise in distinguishing itself from the United States. It is a spreading national preoccupation, which could have important consequences for Canadian-American relations.

The new nationalism is pushing up in every field: publishing, the universities, economic development, Arctic exploration, business mergers, diplomacy, sports. But as yet there is no sign that the United States has lost its smug ignorance of Canada or its indifference as to how it is seen by those foreigners who know it best—and like it best. A few weeks ago, the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. interviewed the Assistant Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, Philip H. Trezise, and five members of Congress from border states. The C.B.C. correspondent asked the legislators if they "thought Canadian subsidiaries should have to obey American laws." The answers were vague and platitudinous. Only one of the five showed any indication that he knew what the question means in Canada. Sen. Mike Gravel of Alaska, Rep. William D. Hathaway of Maine and Rep. Brock Adams of Washington seemed to think it concerned taxes. Rep. Henry S. Reuss, of Wisconsin, misunderstanding the question, thought it would be "outrageous" if Washington told an American company to violate Canadian law. Only Sen. Charles E. Goodell of New York spoke to the point, asserting that American law and regulation should not be extended over Canadian activities.

Mr. Trezise was asked a harder question: what does "official Washington think of Canadian concern about increasing U.S. domination of the Canadian economy?" He replied that Ottawa's decisions to negotiate diplomatic recognition with Peking and to cut Canadian forces in Europe showed that Canada's "political sovereignty" has not been impaired. Mr. Trezise went on to argue that the world is growing

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smaller and nations more interdependent, and that sovereignty is a notion rapidly becoming obsolete. He did not, however, meet head-on the thrust of the question—such issues as the application of American export controls to American-owned companies in Canada.

Canadians who are upset by such facts as American ownership of 70 per cent of Canada's oil industry and more than 50 per cent of its manufacturing, mining and chemicals answer that the suggestion that sovereignty is an old-fashioned idea is better addressed to more nearly equal countries. Relinquishing sovereignty, it is said, is a one-sided bargain as far as Canada and the United States are concerned, because of the overwhelming U.S. economic impact on Canada. For example, when in January 1968, Washington imposed new requirements on American corporations to bring home foreign profits and thus improve the U.S. balance of payments, the Canadian dollar came under immediate, heavy pressure. Some weeks later, Washington relented and exempted Canada from the new regulations (but only after being informed that Canada was on the brink of devaluation, according to a well-placed Ottawa source). The Canadian dollar promptly recovered in foreign-exchange trading. Canadians contend the episode illustrates the extent of American economic power in Canada and that Washington is callous toward its neighbor.

There are things to be said in reply, but what may be more important is that in Canada such episodes rankle. So do other aspects of American-Canadian relations, some quite petty. A prominent Toronto lawyer complains of having to negotiate a lease on behalf of a commercial landlord, not with the Toronto lawyers of a giant American company's Canadian subsidiary, but with the legal staff in the head office. This sort of thing Canadians call colonialism.

Hockey is Canada's national sport. Bruce Kidd, a Canadian track star, recently wrote that because ten of the twelve National Hockey League clubs are owned by Americans (the players and coaches are nearly all Canadian), "many of the major decisions of the NHL have run counter to what could be considered to be 'Canadian interests.'" Kidd contends Americans dominate the National Hockey League, the National Hockey League dominates the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association, and, therefore, Americans "dictate the rules to be used by amateur hockey teams and the conditions of amateur status" for boys throughout Canada.

Two persistent Carleton University professors and the *Toronto Star*, which is obsessed with Canadian nationalism and is Canada's biggest newspaper (average daily circulation in October, 400,662), have made an issue of the numbers of Americans on Canadian university faculties. The academic community is deeply divided, and the balance of sentiment may be against the one-third limitations on foreign faculty members proposed by the nationalists. Nevertheless, the nationalists seem to have achieved something. At least one University of Toronto professor (an American) reports that in his department the nationality of Americans applying for teaching jobs is now a negative factor in their evaluation.

The financial community in advanced countries is typically opposed to restrictions on the movement of money and shares. However, financial leaders from several Canadian cities are examining how far the government should go to prevent Americans from buying into—and buying out—Canadian financial institutions. The new attitude crystallized last summer, after Merrill Lynch, America's biggest brokerage house, bought out Royal Securities, an old-line Canadian house that had failed to bring in enough young blood and new money. That acquisition is certain to lead to legislation restricting foreign ownership in financial institutions other than banks (the banks already are covered, as a result of the purchase by First National City Bank of New York of the Mercantile Bank in 1963). "I only hope that this reaction doesn't go too far," says an executive of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

At its 1969 national convention in Winnipeg, the left-wing New Democratic Party noisily debated an ardently Socialist and strongly anti-American resolution on economic policy. It was defeated but only after the party's deputy leader, David Lewis, outdid his opponent, Prof. Melville H. Watkins, in proclaiming dedication to Canadian "independence." The New Democrats, the weakest of the three national parties, are far from achieving national power, although they now govern one province, Manitoba. However, their convention debate, carried on television, has accelerated the current of nationalism.

Historically, Canada's Tories have been more nationalistic than the Liberals but it was the Liberal administration of Lester B. Pearson, and notably its Finance Minister, Walter Gordon, that commissioned and published the most important nationalistic document of the 1960s. It was a report to Mr. Gordon, "Foreign Ownership and the Structure of Canadian Industry," written by Professor Watkins and seven other economists. Nominally, the report compared the benefits and costs to Canada of investment from abroad and concluded that more could and should be done to increase the one and diminish the other. The report was a warning that the very heavy foreign (mostly U.S.) investment in Canada—60 per cent foreign "control" in manufacturing, 59 per cent in mining, 74 per cent in oil—might lead to erosion of Canada's "sovereignty." The report also stressed the inefficiencies that have resulted from tariff protection and "the branch-plant economy."

The governing Liberals of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who is himself a cosmopolite, not a

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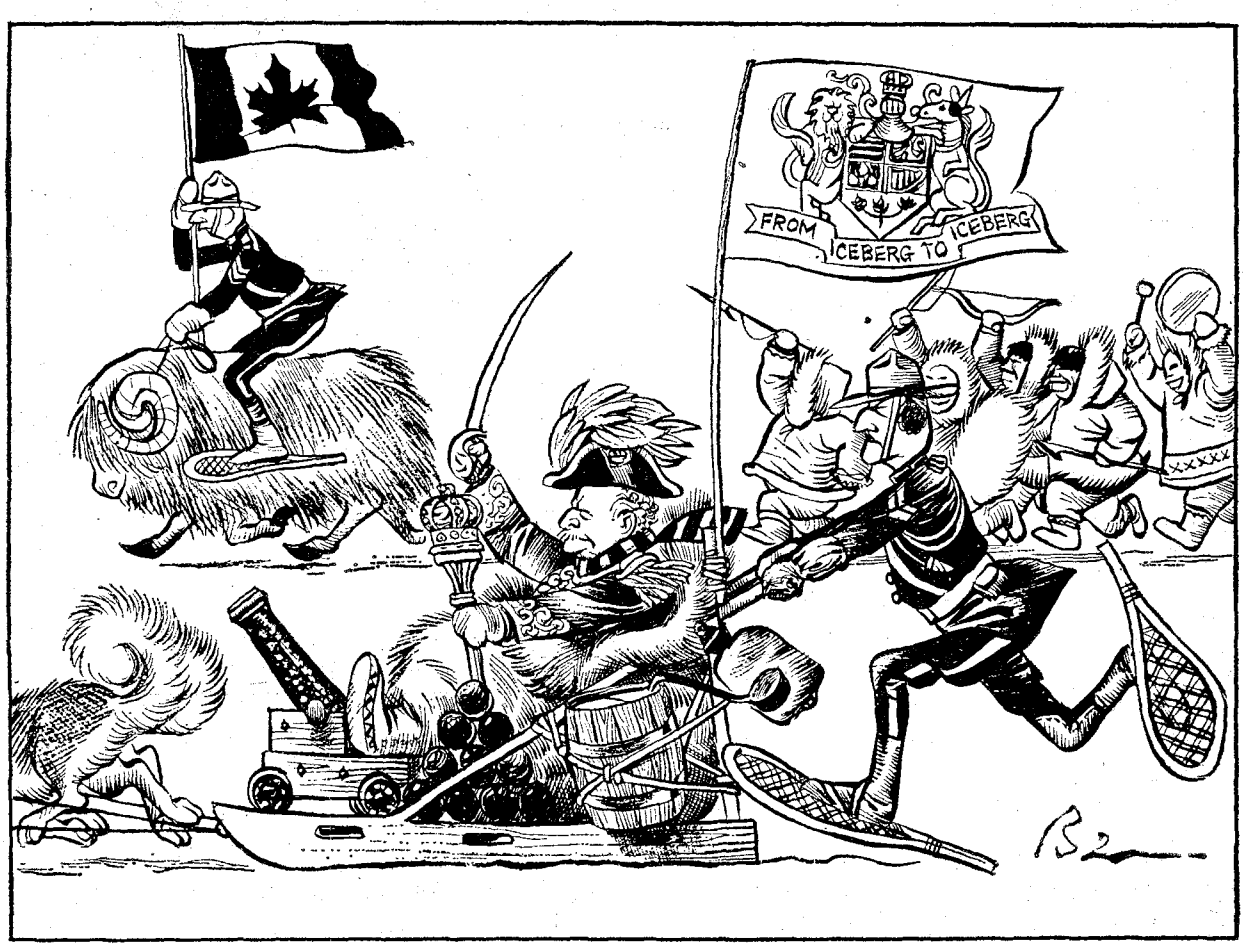
nationalist, have recognized the tide of public opinion, particularly the responsiveness of students and young adults to the Watkins brand of Socialist nationalism, and feel pressed to show that they are "with it." Having been caught asleep by the Merrill Lynch acquisition, the Finance Minister, Edgar J. Benson, hurriedly brought into the House of Commons a few weeks ago restrictive legislation inspired solely by a single threatened American take-over of a Canadian finance company. The cabinet has also begun thinking about legislation to promote "Canadian participation" in oil and mining, i.e., how to limit American investment. In explaining why such action is needed, one senior minister has said privately that the government must come up with a response to the Watkins doctrine.

What nudged the government in this direction more than any other single event was the uproar that burst forth in September over the experimental voyage through the Northwest Passage of the American supertanker *Manhattan*. Members of Parliament flew over the ship to assert "Canadian sovereignty" over the Arctic waters, some of which are outside the traditional 3-mile limit. The Members and Canadian reporters cheered when the *Manhattan* stuck in the ice. In print and over the dinner table, Canadians complained that the American press had failed to recognize the role of the Canadian icebreaker that was instrumental several times in freeing the tanker from ice. Underlying the furor was resentment that Canada could not afford—and America could—$40 million to test the feasibility of sending big tankers through the waters of the Canadian Arctic archipelago. The same disparity explains why American capital has played a major role in developing the natural and industrial resources of Canada.

Canadians are increasingly unwilling to accept their financial limitations as immutable reality. Some argue that Canadians should decide that their "sovereignty" is worth some possible sacrifice in their standard of living. Others hold that in future investments American corporations can be forced to substitute debt capital for equity, with no significant loss to Canada of incoming capital. A milder position is that foreign subsidiaries should be required to give Canada majority representation on their boards of directors. Those prepared to go very far would restrict purchases of foreign stocks by Canadian investors, and would also impose a prohibitive tax on some or all foreign take-overs. At least one young, angry nationalist, a writer who has founded two publishing houses specializing in Canadian writers and nationalistic doctrine, would use the tariff to keep American books out of Canada,



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Operation Yankee-Go-Home

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and thus promote Canadian writing. (His inspiration is not selfish.)

It is doubtful that the more far-reaching of these measures will come to pass. Many Canadians see American investment as a springboard to better living, not least because they believe the Americans have a competence and drive that Canadians lack. (The nationalists argue that Canadian entrepreneurial and managerial skills have been retarded because Americans hold so many key jobs.) But political emotion is now warring with economic self-interest and the balance is shifting. Moreover, an increasing number of Canadians are coming to believe that the war in Vietnam and military programs underpin the American economy, and that the military-industrial complex dominates American policy. That sort of conviction makes keeping, or kicking, the Americans out still more appealing. □

THE GOOD SENSE OF AMNESTY

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

Mr. Neuhaus is pastor of the Church of St. John the Evangelist (Lutheran), Brooklyn, N.Y.; editor of Una Sancta, *a journal of theology; co-founder of Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam, and active on religion and society issues. He is the author, with Peter L. Berger, of* Movement and Revolution *(Doubleday).*

My purpose is to argue for a general amnesty for all persons who have violated the Selective Service Act. I am thinking about the men in exile, the men in prison, the men under indictment, and the men who are about to be indicted. I am thinking about the deserters who are trying to make it in the "underground" in the United States. And I am thinking about the hundreds of people who have aided and abetted the resistance movement.

More than 3,700 persons have now signed a statement entitled "Conscience and Conscription" that was first issued by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam in October 1967. The endorsers have pledged themselves to counsel and aid those who, in conscience, "cannot today serve in the armed forces." In affirming this position, and in carrying out the deeds to implement it, we have known that we are "liable to imprisonment for not more than five years or a fine of ten thousand dollars or both."

Several distinguished professors endorsed the original document—including Robert McAfee Brown, Presbyterian theologian at Stanford; Harvey G. Cox, Baptist theologian at Harvard, and Abraham Heschel at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. They are living every day in violation of the Selective Service Act. I ask amnesty for them.

Among the distinguished religious leaders who signed the statement are Daniel Berrigan, Jesuit priest and poet; Charles F. Golden, Methodist Bishop of Nashville; William Gordon, Episcopal Bishop of Alaska; C. Kilmer Myers, Episcopal Bishop of California, and John Sheerin, editor of *Catholic World*. All of them should now be sent to prison, with other war objectors, or their acts should be recognized as sane and reasonable in a time of considerable madness and unreasonableness.

But most of all I am thinking of the deserters I have known in France, Sweden and New York—men who have simply refused to participate in the Vietnamese War. Only a few of them are "pacifists" in the traditional sense. They might fight in *some* war but they are definitely not going to fight in this war.

The "draft dodgers" in Canada, the deserters in France, Sweden, the United States and other countries, the persons who are subject to prosecution, and those in prison are all in limbo. The exiles do not know whether or not they will have to live the rest of their lives in foreign lands. Those in prison do not know whether they will be accepted as full citizens after they have served their terms. The men in the underground may, at any moment, be apprehended by FBI agents.

The men formally organized in the resistance are only a fraction of those in violation of the draft laws. Most members of the "movement" have at least two or three friends who have "gone north to freedom." They are assisted there by a number of voluntary groups of sympathetic Canadians, including the United Church of Canada.

Many other resisters and deserters have just quietly slipped into anonymity within the United States. Getting lost is not a difficult achievement, especially in our urban centers and notably in the black communities. Allan, a black youth in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, explains: "When I got 18, like a fool I went down there (to the draft board) and reported and everything. Then they started sending these papers to my Ma and I just didn't pay them no mind. After a while one of the brothers told me they'd come and take me so I got a room for myself and I ain't heard from nobody. My Ma got a letter that said I was going to be arrested. But they'll have to find me first."

Sometimes the federal government moves in on the black underground. Reggie Oliver, who prefers his Muslim name Abdul Latees, lives in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn and is 22 years old. One evening he was arrested upon returning to his mother's home. Four FBI agents succeeded in handcuffing him after struggling with his mother and another woman who wielded broomsticks and

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mops in his defense. As the agents started downstairs with their prisoner, one of the women shouted to several onlookers: "Go and get the brothers!" Within minutes the agents found themselves surrounded by more than thirty blacks—most of them from the Muslim mosque.

After a brisk exchange, the prisoner got away and six men were arrested and charged with assaulting federal officers and assisting in the escape of a federal prisoner. At last report, Reggie Oliver is still part of the black underground.

Such a dramatic invasion of the black community in order to arrest a draft violator is unusual. Residents of the area believe that in this case the action was part of an ongoing federal harassment of the black Muslim groups. This is credible in view of the fact that, at the same time, agents raided the mosque and claimed to find several hundred rounds of ammunition.

The Muslims are not the only religious group that opposes the draft. In recent years the Jehovah's Witnesses have made major inroads in the black community. Unlike the Quakers and other pacifist groups that seek conscientious objector status for their members, most Jehovah's Witnesses are noncooperators. Witnesses, black and white, comprise a large part of the draft-violator prison population.

Most black violators, however, act more from their blackness, poverty and alienation than from explicit religious commitment. To the extent that they have definite ideas on the war, they view it as a white man's war against colored brothers.

Many black youths are still enlisting in the military, persuaded by recruiters that the army offers better chances for advancement than they will get in civilian life. There is a great deal of sympathy for their dilemma in the black community and, except by the most self-consciously militant, they are not censured for enlisting. It's a different matter, however, if the enlistee tries to explain his action in terms of the usual patriotic rhetoric. At a recent church-sponsored meeting in New York on "Black Youth and the Military," a young man who had just enlisted in the Marines said that he wanted to serve his country "which, in spite of all its faults, is still the best country in the world." He was hooted off the stage by the audience.

In addition to the resistance and the less formal opposition in the black community, there are deserters from the military hiding out here in the United States. These are the men most actively sought by the government and who, consequently, feel most like fugitives. The FBI stays in touch with their families, regularly questions friends and neighbors and, it is generally assumed, taps the phones of persons who maintain contact with deserters.

Michael Locilento is a good example of one type of deserter within the United States. (His story is told here with his permission.) Michael comes from a blue-collar family in Queens, N.Y. He is a 200-pound, thoughtfully plain-spoken youth who enlisted in the army after high school. After eight months of normal military life, Michael began to give serious thought to the moral questions being raised about America's involvement in Vietnam—questions which are heatedly discussed in the military.

Having done considerable reading and worrying on his own, Michael approached a civilian clergyman. By this time it was clear to Michael that he was a pacifist and could not continue to be part of the military enterprise. The army has procedures for such cases, and the pastor helped Michael fill out the forms to apply for separation from the army on the ground of conscientious objection. After several weeks, however, it became apparent that the army was ignoring his application. Michael went AWOL.

Coming to New York City in July 1968, he got in touch with peace groups and decided to make a public testimony of his position. He took "sanctuary" in Washington Square Methodist Church in Greenwich Village, which has become the unofficial "peace church" in the city. The army secured the cooperation of the New York City Police Department and Michael was arrested at the church and taken to Fort Dix, N.J. From there he was flown to Fort Lewis, Wash., and readied for shipment to Vietnam.

(This procedure is not so unusual as it may seem.

Some soldiers who have been placed in stockade as punishment for their anti-war activities have received orders to Vietnam stating that they will be sent "under guard." The irony of sending a man handcuffed to Vietnam in order to defend freedom seems to escape the authorities!)

At Fort Lewis, Michael took his first chance to walk off base. Hitchhiking to Spokane, he got a bus to Salt Lake City and from there wired friends in New York for advice and financial help. When he came to New York he surveyed his options: leave the country, go underground here, or return to the army and refuse to obey orders. He was confident, rightly I believe, that if he refused to go to Vietnam he would be sent anyway. In that case, his dilemma would

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be deepened. It is much more difficult to desert from Vietnam, and refusing to obey orders "in the face of the enemy" is an infinitely more ominous charge. Michael decided that he did not want to leave the country and he went "underground," working at an inner-city church. There he tutored children in a predominantly black community and received $30 a week plus room and board. Michael's parents support him in his chosen course and stay in touch with him through a clergyman in New York. His mother has said: "I hope what he has done will stop other children from going into the army without thinking about it, because it's so much harder to do what is right once you are in."

After several months of inner-city work, Michael was discovered by an old acquaintance who was entirely sympathetic. Feeling his position had become vulnerable, Michael took other employment. For a month he worked as a page in a state legislature before taking off for Canada. At my last contact with him, in November, he reported that he had found work, safety and welcome. He is planning to go to college in Ottawa.

Michael's story, his legal status, and his intention are not very different from those of the American deserters in Europe. A fact-finding mission in October 1968 met with many deserters in Paris and in Stockholm. In our group were journalists, sociologists, a law professor and clergymen. We were determined to get a more balanced picture of the deserter movement than was available from the Pentagon or from peace literature.

In its few comments on the deserters, the army had given the impression that these men were misfits who would be likely to desert whether or not there was any issue over Vietnam. When Ray Jones—a black man and one of the first deserters in Sweden—was persuaded to return to the United States to face charges, American officials gave intensive publicity to his disillusionment with Sweden and his criticisms of the deserter group in Stockholm. Although he had deserted for more than a year, he was charged only with AWOL and received a four-month sentence.

Since the Jones incident in February 1968, the American Deserters Committee has been suspicious of strangers who may be "agents" trying to damage the movement by enticing others to return in exchange for a "good deal." Some of us felt that the suspicion tended to get out of hand, creating an atmosphere of distrust among deserters themselves—it is a danger that faces most exile communities.

A few generalizations are possible about the groups in France and Sweden. The average deserter is from a working-class family in a small town or lesser city. In most cases he enlisted, either because he wanted to decide his own time for going into the military and not wait for the draft, or because he had few career opportunities in civilian life. Usually he had no record of political or anti-war activity and—almost without exception—had decided to stick out the military. A surprising number of deserters are former Marines, approximately a third of those we met. Almost everyone made his decision after receiving orders to Vietnam.

In Sweden the small and vocally leftist American Deserters Committee serves as an ideological forum for "politicizing" deserters who had previously viewed their act primarily in personal terms of conscience. The committee is "too political" for many of the deserters but is able to sustain active participation by about 25 per cent of the deserter community. The rest are more involved in making their way in Swedish society and are in touch with the committee only when issues arise which they need to address as a group.

The deserters are more thoughtful than most American young men, sobered by the prospect of three to five years in prison if they return. And there is another difference: they are more appreciative of America. Even the near Maoists and others well versed in anti-American invective want to come back home. All of us in the fact-finding group made a point of asking the question. None of us found even one deserter who planned a permanent stay in Sweden or France. Their exile is "for the duration."

At the same time, the deserters are determined not to "compromise" their position in order to make it easier for the U.S. Government to let them come back. For instance, they insist on using the word "deserter" as being the best term because the most honest. "I want it to be clear on the record that I've deserted from what's evil in American life," said one. "That way I'm making it clear that I'm really working for an alternative."

The deserters are nervous when the talk turns to amnesty, although they know that is the means by which they might be able to return home as free men. Other people can push for amnesty and they will appreciate the effort on their behalf, but asking for amnesty themselves implies the uncomfortable suggestion of the prodigal son. When, as they believe, it is the father and not the son who has sinned, it is the father who should take the initiative toward reconciliation. Like the nation from which they are alienated, the deserters are not untainted by the pride that insists upon an "honorable" settlement.

One result of our fact-finding mission was the establishment of a chaplaincy to deserters by Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. Chaplain Thomas Hayes is based in Stockholm and reports that in recent months deserters have become more discouraged about the likelihood of amnesty and are adjusting to the prospect of permanent exile.

A few deserters in Sweden have run into trouble with the law. There have been at least three instances of muggings by American deserters and the conservative minority in government and the press has exploited the cases to cool public enthusiasm for Sweden's open-armed hospitality. The same conservative minority has focused attention on a hand-

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ful of deserters who reportedly have dropped out to engage in the pharmaceutical mysticism of the Swedish drug scene. The American Deserters Committee is worried lest the government reverse its commitment to keeping the door open to deserters.

Uneasiness seems unwarranted in view of the more than 80 per cent support for the open-door policy among the Swedish public, but there have been some disturbing signs. For one thing, a Swedish court convicted two deserters of entering the country with false papers and ordered their deportation. Deserters feel that, if this ruling is a precedent the whole deserter movement is thrown into jeopardy. The majority of the deserters falsified their leave papers in order to enter at Copenhagen, Denmark, and from there to gain access to Sweden. (U.S. military personnel do not ordinarily have passports.)

The deserters and their Swedish supporters detect the hand of the American Government actively exerting pressure in Swedish Government and business circles. The threat of American dock workers not to handle freight from Sweden as long as that country aided American "traitors" caused some alarm in Sweden. The government issued an assurance that it would not back down under such pressures and the dock workers did not carry out the threat. The American public's current disillusionment with the war and the recent succession of anti-war Prime Minister Palme may mean an end to any serious pressures on the Swedish Government.

These, then, are some of the American deserters and resisters—underground and imprisoned in the United States, exiled in Canada, France, Sweden. There are small groups also in England and Japan and, according to the American Deserters Committee, a few men are known to have deserted to the National Liberation Front in Vietnam. The range is from the black brother in Brooklyn, who is just going about his business as he sees it, to a gentle youth in a small town north of Paris who left his base in Germany to become an apprentice to a maker of harpsichords.

What is needed now is a recognition on the part of the United States Government, and of the entire American population, that Vietnam was a monstrous mistake and that it was reasonable for men to refuse to participate in the outrage.

Amnesty has roots in strong historical precedents. In Biblical times the practice was built into the festival cycle. Every seventh year was a declared sabbatical when old grudges were forgotten. Every fifteenth year was a year of jubilee which brought the liberation of slaves, the return of mortgaged property, and a national effort to begin again.

After the Peloponnesian War and the rule of the Thirty Tyrants over Athens (404 to 403 B.C.), the Tyrants were defeated by Thrasybulus who—contrary to the usual vengeance of the victor—issued an edict of general amnesty, perhaps the first in recorded history.

Among the figures of more recent history who perceived the wisdom of amnesty were Napoleon (1811) and Franz Josef, Emperor of Austria (1857). After the Algerian conflict was liquidated by de Gaulle, a general amnesty was granted to resisters. On the very day that our fact-finding group was in Paris, Jacques Soustelle—who had organized right-wing terrorist activities against de Gaulle—returned to France a free man. Even the Thieu-Ky regime in Saigon declares its readiness to grant amnesty to members of the National Liberation Front who lay down their arms and repent of their error in thinking that Vietnam needs a social revolution.

Amnesty may not get a fair hearing in a time when politicians are sensitized to a public passion for "law and order." Concern for "safety in the streets" is readily perverted into a demand for the pound of flesh from anyone who disrupts the public tranquillity.

The Chicago Tribune, on November 20, 1968, said: "The deserters who so tug at [the liberals'] heartstrings are not barred from America. They can return whenever they want, so long as they are prepared to pay the penalty for their moral poltroonery. The choice is theirs. But under no circumstances should they be granted amnesty."

But amnesty is not an extralegal overlooking of an offense. By long historical tradition and by explicit statement in law, amnesty is part of the legal process. It is the available legal instrument in those instances where it is thought that magnanimity will serve the society's interest better than punishment. Amnesty is suggested by compassion and is also supported by cool reflection.

Everyone who has opposed the war—and this includes a clear majority of Americans according to polls since September 1968—should sense some common cause with the resisters and deserters. These young men are guilty of no crime other than that of sharing the opinion held by the majority of Americans, although they arrived at the opinion ahead of the majority. The crucial difference is that these men were 18 to 26 years old. They could not oppose the war in theoretical comfort, nor could they feel that they had done their duty simply by showing up for a few anti-war demonstrations. The brute fact is that these young men took a position which most of us shared, but are in a situation where faithfulness to that position makes them subject to legal reprisal.

Hundreds of thousands of immigrants came to America in the 18th and 19th centuries to escape military conscription in Europe. Americans welcomed tyranny's rejects and erected a Statue of Liberty as a beacon for dissidents throughout the world. If the streams of magnanimity have now dried up in our national life, if we vindictively refuse to grant pardon and amnesty in search of national healing, then perhaps it is time to take Sen. Eugene McCarthy's suggestion and turn the Statue of Liberty around—recognizing that an era has closed in this once hopeful land. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The White and Green and the Rising Sun

BIAFRA: Selected Speeches and Random Thoughts. *By Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu. Harper & Row. 610 pp. $12. Paper (2 vols.) $1.75 and $1.25.*

REFLECTIONS ON THE NIGERIAN CIVIL WAR. *By Ralph Uwechue. Africana Publishing Corp. 190 pp. $5.95.*

BRUCE J. OUDES

Mr. Oudes is an international reporting fellow at Columbia University. He covered developments in Nigeria in 1967 and 1968 for the Chicago Daily News *service and other publications.*

"Whilst I live Biafra lives," Gen. Chukwuemeka Odumegwu Ojukwu said on January 15. The difficulty, however, was that while the general was issuing his declaration from a comfortable exile, a colleague who had replaced Ojukwu as the Biafran leader four days earlier in a "gentleman's coup" was in Lagos, the enemy Nigerian capital, declaring an unconditional surrender.

At 36, the defiant secessionist leader appears washed up, a has-been, the scapegoat on whom Nigeria is pinning the blame for the death of 2 million or so people in a thirty-month war. The prospect is that he will spend the rest of his life in exile, defending the Biafran idea for the benefit of historians by writing a thorough account of Biafra and a frank autobiography.

At any rate a coherent work is called for to update the present jumbled collection of speeches, memoranda and excerpts from interviews that was assembled in war to help win the war. The compendium is mainly of use to scholars, but even then it will be valuable only as an introduction to Ojukwu's vast activities in his four years as the leader of eastern Nigeria.

Within Nigeria itself there are and most assuredly will be strong pressures to discredit him and everything he stands for, a sort of de-Ojukwuization in the eastern areas. Abroad the tendency will be to paint him larger than life size because of his plight, his beard, his most eloquent use of the Queen's language, the melodic quality of his polysyllabic name, the association with pictures of starving children. Many who can't remember the name of any Biafran except Ojukwu do not take exception to the way he wrapped himself in the Biafran flag in his "farewell" statement. Others, myself included, take the statement as evidence of the frozen, dogmatic rigidity of a once great mind. Ojukwu, who became world famous for demanding justice for his Ibo people scarred by massacres in Muslim northern Nigeria, in turn arrogantly refused to be just, or in the least bit forgiving, toward those who opposed him politically and militarily.

The preliminary assessment, the debate over Ojukwu and his role in Nigerian history is but a prologue to the much broader debate among Nigerians—which can now resume after an interruption of thirty-one months—about the future of their nation. From this standpoint, it is likely that the next thirty months will be as important in determining Nigeria's fate as the past thirty months. The war simply proved what some observers have suspected for some time: together, any two of the three (north, east and west) power foci of Nigeria can clobber the third; and if presented with the opportunity, will not pass it up. If Nigeria is to break up, it will be by agreement around the conference table between at least two of the three elements to each go their separate ways.

Ojukwu's legacy to the Nigerian dialogue is threefold. First, the political spectrum in the forseeable future will be limited to debate over strong versus weak central government. Secession has been eliminated as an alternative. The north thought about seceding in 1966 and the west to some extent in 1967, but it was Ojukwu who, in taking a stand, cleared the air. Second, magnanimity—meaning civil rights—has now been forced to center stage as a political issue. Gen. Yakubu Gowon's then weak Nigerian Government was halfhearted about the issue in late 1966 and early 1967. By now Gowon knows that to tread lightly again on the issue means to risk a second war. Third, in shouldering entirely unto himself the burden of Biafra, in this unflagging egotism, Ojukwu is nevertheless serving Nigeria by enabling it to restart the political discussion in a fresh atmosphere without the acrimony of a lengthy series of treason trials.

However, looking at Ojukwu less in institutional terms and more in a personal sense, the picture is less heroic. Questions arise involving Ojukwu's role in the way the war started and the way it ended.

As every rookie cop or police reporter learns, when you find a corpse under unnatural circumstances, you try to ascertain whether he jumped, fell or was pushed. It's either suicide, accident or murder. The vexing thing about the Biafran secession is that while Nigeria pushed, Ojukwu jumped. While many foreign observers have long suspected that this was so, Ralph Uwechue is one of the few Nigerians even to come close to saying so in print. Uwechue, an Ibo, was the Nigerian *chargé d'affaires* in Paris who came to the Biafran side for two years (helping to negotiate France's arms aid to Biafra) before defecting back to the Nigerian side in December 1968, when he concluded that Ojukwu's stand was too rigid.

Uwechue wrote his thin volume a year ago as a plea and plan for conciliation, but its value has not been diminished by the ending of the war. His independent, Nigerian insight into *the* Nigerian problem is refreshing after all the stale clichés of the government line. The interested layman can develop a clear understanding of the present Nigerian situation by reading Uwechue after Walter Schwarz's *Nigeria* (Praeger), a readable and balanced summary which carries the story up to secession.

Briefly, the situation on the eve of secession in May 1967 was that the Nigerian federal government and its then Eastern Region were taunting each other, each side seriously miscalculating the other's strength and resolve. At that point Ojukwu clearly had the upper hand. Four months earlier at a conference in Ghana, Gowon had unwittingly agreed to the confederation Ojukwu sought. In the interim Gowon backtracked through a series of moves designed to isolate the east. Ojukwu dismissed them as illegal since he, as one of the five colonels legally running the country, had not been consulted. Ojukwu was openly talking of secession and a great deal of preparation had been made. "To say that secession was being prepared is not to say that it was at that time unavoidable," Uwechue writes. Ojukwu evidently did not fully appreciate that his greatest asset was his political maneuverability. Gowon was running scared. The west couldn't make up its mind between secession, confederation or federation. A similar but lesser degree of uncertainty existed in the north.

Ojukwu, however, lost his aplomb when Gowon announced on May 27 (as a meas-

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ure intended to *forestall* secession) a decree subdividing Nigeria's four states into twelve. The east was to be divided into three parts. Gowon's move was a "gross political mistake," Uwechue says. Ojukwu could have ignored Gowon's move just as he had dismissed the earlier ones. Gowon had no way of enforcing his word. All Ojukwu had to do, it seemed at the time and still does, was to keep calm for another few months and the federation would have split apart of its own accord. Instead Ojukwu saw red. Supremely overconfident he announced secession on May 30, thereby throwing all his maneuverability to Gowon whom he unwittingly cast in the Abraham Lincoln role. It was a blunder in timing of the first order, compounded a few days later by the Arab-Israeli war which denied Ojukwu a great deal of the international publicity he needed for the birth of his Biafra.

It is interesting in this context to compare Ojukwu with Rhodesia's Ian Smith in 1965. Each was sitting pretty vis-à-vis Nigeria and Britain respectively. But neither could let well enough alone. Each brought a blockade upon himself. The difference was that Smith had a public guarantee that Britain would not use force.

Ojukwu's stubbornness and shortsightedness became even more evident as the war progressed. He needed desperately to regain his prewar political flexibility, but he couldn't bring himself to seek it. He needed, particularly, to strike a bargain with negotiators whereby he would rescind his declaration of sovereignty in exchange for agreement by Lagos to hold a new constitutional conference with Ojukwu's administration as a full participant.

A senior Nigerian negotiator who favors a strong central government for Nigeria once told me that he had "nightmares" about this possibility. He realized that if Ojukwu pressed for a constitutional conference, Nigeria would have been under great international pressure to accept it. The Nigerian negotiator, Alison Ayida, is the highly respected chief of rehabilitation and economic development. He had known Ojukwu since they were in secondary school together in Lagos. Ayida feared that Ojukwu's persuasion around a constitutional conference table would exploit to the fullest the existing centrifugal tendencies within Nigeria. Backed by a government that had seceded once and could do it again, it seemed quite possible that Ojukwu could have split Nigeria at least three ways. This, however, was the decision Ojukwu wouldn't take.

The end came for Biafra just like its birth: Nigeria pushed and Ojukwu jumped. The Nigerian military machine swelled and moved forward in fits and starts. Buoyed by France's cynical, half-a-loaf approach to military aid, and hoping for a miracle, Ojukwu stubbornly held out for all or nothing. The situation deteriorated to the point where nothing was all he got. He rejected outright any negotiation for the confederal status that had been his stated aim in the months before secession. This only increased suspicion that he was at heart a hawk, not the *reluctant* architect of the Biafran state. When he finally did act, stepping aside January 11, he left a governmental structure and an enclave too weak to negotiate any kind of *conditional* surrender. Biafra's rump leaders gambled that they would not be massacred by the Nigerian "vandals" as Biafran propaganda had prophesied. They were right.

Ojukwu could not have played more completely into the hands of Nigeria's strong Center advocates. The total collapse certainly fulfilled Ayida's and Gowon's wildest dreams. In the wake of victory, the Nigerian central government is now stronger than at any time since independence nine years ago. The "centrists," it seems now, will not willingly bargain away at a future constitutional conference the centripetal momentum built up through war and victorious peace. (And if a further forecast might be hazarded, it seems most likely that Nigeria will study closely the Ghanaian model for a return to civilian rule before itself embarking down that road. Ghana, which turned to civilian government last fall, more than three years after Nkrumah was overthrown in a military coup, organized a distinguished constitutional commission which wrote a draft constitution, which was then modified by an elected constitutional assembly. This neatly avoided the flaw of Nigeria's last constitutional conference in 1966: a hurried meeting of *appointed* delegates.)

The rapid "centrist" motion of recent weeks has a curious effect on Uwechue's central thesis—that Nigeria needs a loose, interim federation. At Christmas his proposal seemed the model of middle-of-the-road compromise. Now he will be viewed in Nigeria as to the right of Center. The central issue of the war—"Ibo security"—is now cast in a new, paradoxical light. While local, community control (loose or confederated, call it

MARO SPRING

1

in a tissue
of dusty air

over dry
impoverished fields

no plow
can break

rock pitted
fields

on which
crops of men
have had their backs broken

we pick
ourselves across

crablike
under the sun

2

the cities
the desolation of wars

fought for women or fine goods
are human if unreasonable

but this stone
set in stone

-accursed-
until

a mile
into its center:

an aureole
of rank vegetation

around an immense
reverberating

recess

3

he who has come to drink
& goes as we come
is my brother

in our human need

4

i was not thirsty

but craned
my head

past the sweet ferns
& moss

past the wet
stones, the world

of elaborate detail
& imagery-

what thunder-

into darkness i looked

into darkness i looked
and was happily blind

Michael Heller

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what you will) can guarantee an ethnic group security within a limited geographic area, as long as the rules of the game now state emphatically that Nigeria is to be one political entity, *the best guarantee of Ibo security throughout Nigeria is of all things a strong central government.*

The analogy to the situation of black people in the United States is clear. You can advocate and organize strong community control so your people don't get harassed and shot by outsiders only as long as you are operating under a strong umbrella of rights enforced nationally by the central government, be it in Lagos or Washington. Nigeria's Ibo-dominated central government had been too weak to protect the Ibos in the north during the first massacres of 1966; this is what started the country centrifugally down the road to secession.

Uwechue, Ojukwu, Gowon, Ayida and many more principals are all, curiously enough, contemporaries; all in their mid-30s, hardened by tragedy well beyond their years. The others would not, I am sure, easily understand why a preliminary evaluation should rank Ojukwu as a continent-wide figure of the order of Selassie, Nkrumah, Nyerere or Toure. Yet despite—or perhaps even because—of his proud stubbornness, Ojukwu deserves to be ranked—as a Nigerian—among Africa's most significant personalities. Like Selassie, Nkrumah, Nyerere and Toure, Ojukwu has been a most articulate proponent of a facet of the African view of African development. Each of the five is a strong exponent of national unity, each from a different standpoint. And each has rejected the temptation to accept the established order, the old way of doing things.

But the final verdict is not yet in on Ojukwu. Historians and journalists will be searching in the months to come for detailed accounts of Ojukwu's last cabinet meetings, January 8, 9 and 10, the last days of Biafra. Was Ojukwu too willing to leave or did he have to be forced out? Ojukwu said in an interview a few days after secession that in the face of adversity Biafra would carry on "until, perhaps, we all die." Obviously when the crunch came, he took advantage of the loophole. But should this be held against him?

To give Ojukwu high historic marks at this stage is not to say that he cannot be ultimately overshadowed by another Nigerian, a centrist. The present situation is made to order for the emergence of a heroic New Nigerian. Gowon? Perhaps. He thus far has handled his role adequately, but he is not fast on the uptake. More likely it will be some as yet untapped civilian leader who will make Nigeria and the world forget Ojukwu. It would be someone who could gently curb Nigeria's present obsession with trying to erase the very name Biafra, even to the point of adamant refusal to use Uli, the Biafran airstrip, for postwar relief.

The New Nigerian leader will be someone who will have the courage possibly to take up Uwechue on his final suggestion. At first the idea sounds melodramatic, but it could be a moving, permanent gesture. At present, the Nigerian flag is bi-color, a central white panel flanked by two green ones. Uwechue proposes that to this central panel should be added the "rising sun," the symbol of Biafra, reconsecrated as a symbol of compassion. □

Aging Autolycus

CITY WITHOUT WALLS: And Other Poems. *By W. H. Auden. Random House. 124 pp. $4.50.*

DANIEL HOFFMAN

Mr. Hoffman is professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. His study of myth in Yeats, Graves and Muir, Barbarous Knowledge, *has just been issued in a Galaxy edition, and his fifth book of verse,* Broken Laws, *will be published by Oxford this spring.*

I once thought of making an anthology in two volumes. The first would be "Mad Poets of the Age of Reason"—plenty to choose from, Clare, Kit Smart, Blake. The companion volume was to have been "Reasonable Poets in the Age of Madness." But who, of first intensity, in our time, would qualify? An anthology can't be made two-thirds from the work of Auden.

Though his view of life is anything but escapist, and his poetry does encompass the insane dislocations of value by which civilization threatens its own existence, Auden doesn't succumb to the imitative fallacy and gibber at the window because the house is on fire. If the times be mad, need the poet be irrational therefore? What Auden has perfected is the technical skill that embraces all states of feeling, all modes of thought, and renders them intelligible. Form in a poem is a paradigm of whatever form the poet intuits in the universe. Auden sees that we live among the seeming disorganization of fragments we ourselves have made, but that the world which we have broken into unshapely shards is itself a universe of forms.

The title poem in his new collection beautifully exemplifies his modest but authoritative handling of the form appropriate to rendering our self-created formlessness. (The rest of the book, though, is half given over to songs from plays, translations, commissioned pieces like the sound track for a movie on a Canadian track meet. Are such shavings from his workbench mere makeweights?)

Yeats, Eliot, Pound, Stevens, Williams: as each of these masters moved into his seventh decade, the voice on his pages became—whether designedly or not—a heroic voice. In a century when men of action have stirred the imagination chiefly with dismay and abhorrence, we are tempted, precisely because the poet's imagination holds the fragments of the world in an order, to think of the poet as a hero. The poet is so tempted. But Auden in his recent work has abjured all the heroic appearances and appurtenances which used to characterize it. Interviewed recently in *Esquire*, he said: "You can never forgive those who had a bad influence on you. . . . The worst influence was probably Yeats. He had an over-inflated rhetoric. . . . I can see he was lying—and the fibs weren't even interesting."

He says it also in his new poems: "There is something fishy about a High Style/ and the character it suits." And again: "Abhorred in the Heav'ns are all/

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MONTHLY REVIEW

Edited by Paul M. Sweezy and Harry Magdoff

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self-proclaimed poets who, to wow an/audience, utter some resonant lie." The rhythms flattened into syllabics, the prosy texture, the colloquial "wow" puncturing the afflatus of "the Heav'ns" —these are among the watermarks on the pages of late Auden.

"I believe in the O.E.D.," he told his interviewer, "and I like my readers to work." Work they must, to cope with diction like *teratoid*, *enantiomorphs*, *naumtle*, *disemboguing*. These etymological rarities, like his demotic jargon of wows, are meant as faintly comic deflations of any hint of a High Style. The effect is often self-deprecatory. Still, these unrhetorical pages are vibrant with the authority which Auden wields almost alone. Their serenity and grace are quite his own.

Auden, unlike the other modern masters I have named, is committed to comedy as an essential mode of imagination. Reed Whittemore has said that Eliot was culpable for having exiled Old Possum to the rumpus room. Auden has no rumpus room; instead, for him, the poet's mind, however serious, is a mind at play. He asks, "when has Autolycus / ever solemned himself?" Hence his devotion to ballads, to songs, to light verse, and his reliance on rules, conventions, patterns, all of which define the court, the net, the serve and volley of his verses.

In the eternal argument between Makers and Finders, Auden always speaks as a Maker, a craftsman delighting in the mastery of his craft. His emphasis should not, however, mislead us into thinking that because what he does is difficult, his achievement is merely Byzantine. Auden is our most catholic virtuoso, without whom our conception of who the poet is and what he does would be greatly impoverished. A clue to the way his present book implies all this is in the arrangement of its contents.

City Without Walls has a fugal structure, alternating its motifs of serious poetry and comedy, of speech and song, of syllabic and accentual meters, of lyrics and apothegms, of poetry as introspection and poetry as observation. The poems exhibit an astonishing range of verse conventions forever renewing themselves in modern instances.

Auden is a self-proposed Autolycus: a part perfectly in character, Autolycus with a face like the map of Iceland, moving through the soulscape of our winter's tale—his own sixties, our seventies. The world observed in these poems and songs is, with a single exception, not America (that exception is the city without walls); it is rather the immediate environment of the Austrian village where he spends half the year, or the remembered landscape of his earliest poems, his earliest images. In "Amor Loci" Auden resurrects the debilitated Yorkshire of his youth, made unfit for farms by an industrialism already supervened and in decay. This bleak place he remembers as "more credible" than either an Eden or a New Jerusalem:

How but with some real focus
of desolation
could I, by analogy,
imagine a Love
that, however often smeared,
shrugged at, abandoned
by a frivolous worldling,
does not abandon?

Here the lines, alternately seven and five syllables long, set up just enough pattern to intensify the brooding level voice, and never at the usual cost of idiosyncracy exacted by syllabics in other poets' verses. Auden manages this mode, so contradictory to the normal stressed patterns of our language, as though it were a native tradition. It suits him, with its avoidance of stress, while it allows positioning of line breaks to suggest visually an emphasis the voice does not have to rise to make.

Although many of these new poems are syllabic, his title piece reactivates an older vein deep in his earliest memories. Here, brooding on atavistic images of "the Unbounded . . . unpolicied spaces/ where dragons dwelt and demons roared," he finds those images to be "visual facts in the foreground now." Ten stanzas crisply catalogue the features of the vapid Hell of the entirely secular modern city, where even the "vulgar rubbish" of "newsprint and network" are welcome protection from "the basilisking / glare of Nothing, our pernicious foe." One gradually becomes aware of the alternately glancing and grinding linkage of the letters, stressed consonant with stressed consonant, vowel with vowel: Auden's most brilliant display of alliterative verse since *For the Time Being*.

Not until the twelfth stanza does the poem reveal a thematic justification (if one be needed) for its resurrection of the most archaic verse form our language provides. The speaker—I should say the dreamer—imagines a time when computers will have expelled "from the world / all but the top intelligent few," leaving for "the egos they leisure" a meaningless mechanical freedom:

Against Whom
shall the Sons band to rebel there,
where Troll-Father, Tusked-Mother,
are dream-monsters like dinosaurs
with a built-in obsolescence?

A Gadgeted Age, but as unworldly
as when the faint light filtered down
on the first men in Mirkwood,
waiting their turn at the waterhole
with the magic beasts who made the paths.

The end of human culture brings us full round to the savagery of our beginnings; whether by lack of technology or by obliteration of all that is organic, passionate and rational, the condition of the race is equally brutalized.

Mercilessly the dream-narrator follows his nightmare vision to the end—"a human remnant, / stunted in stature, strangely deformed, / numbering by fives, with no zero"—

in groups ruled by grandmothers,
hirsute witches who on winter nights

fable them stories of fair-haired Elves
whose magic made the mountain dam,
of Dwarves, cunning in craft who smithied
the treasure-hoards of tin cans
they flatten out for their hut roofs . . .

Now, as at the beginning of his career in his ode, "To My Pupils" (in *The Orators*), Auden renders the catastrophe of our century's self-destroying dynamics in dream-images of a regression that is drawn from both the childhood of man and the haunted nursery. But where *The Orators* offered no release from its own desperation, now, nearly forty years later, the nightmare is cut short by a voice accusing the poet of playing "Jeremiah-cum-Juvenal." A third speaker—perhaps his rational self—tells him to "Go to sleep now for God's sake! / You

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will both feel better by breakfast time." The nightmare is put aside, as a bad dream. But a bad dream may come true.

Auden's attitude to his own nightmare is indicated by its position at the start of his book. The rest follows—as though to say, even if true, the nightmare of "City Without Walls" cannot keep him from writing elegies for an Austrian poet or for his housekeeper, or from writing an epithalamium for a relative's marriage, or a eulogy for an admired teacher, or a birthday tribute for Marianne Moore. This section of the book concludes with an ode to "The Horatians," who, though themselves makers of odes, "cannot be found on / barricades, and never shoot / either yourselves or your lovers." Such poets say:

We can only
do what it seems to us we were made
for, look at
this world with a happy eye
but from a sober perspective.

For the rest, poems "from a sober perspective" alternate with apothegms and songs, with translations and commissioned texts.

The songs—principally the eight from Brecht's *Mother Courage*—as poems, may seem thin and perfunctory. Auden's song-texts, as he intimates in his essay on writing for opera, are of a different order from his lyric poems. Yet the character of Mother Courage comes through, not despite but because of the doggerel rhythms and banal rhymes. These things are dextrously done. Only in "Song of the Ogre" and "Song of the Devil" (another part of the book) do the texts suffer from the urge to "wow an audience" with a forced, too jocular colloquiality.

The *Mother Courage* songs make tangible again the brutality of the secular world. In the remainder of the book the view of life becomes more grave, more sacramental, as if to show that the serenity of the earlier pages is possible only to one who can understand our tortured history as expressing an end beyond itself. *City Without Walls* concludes with a "Prologue at Sixty" in the alliterative stanza of the opening poem. Here the same dream images recur, but this time with a consoling hope "for an Eighth Day, / when the creatured Image shall become the Likeness." Then, as Auden says in another poem about a bestiary, we may know "a natural life which nothing prevents us / living except our natures."

A book like this one keeps alive a little longer the civilization whose jeopardy it records. There's no heroic rhetoric, but none is needed to convey the range and grace of Auden's vision of a redeeming order. □

Dark Side of the Moon

MR. SAMMLER'S PLANET. *By Saul Bellow. The Viking Press. 313 pp. $6.95.*

BEVERLY GROSS

It is the times, probably, that have elicited from Saul Bellow this premature testament: premature because *Mr. Sammler's Planet* gives no sense of having earned its perspective as a secular *summa*, a final kiss-off to this world. That Artur Sammler, the novel's hero and standard-bearer, is "a man of seventy-plus" is a significant reflection on what must have been the impetus behind Bellow's latest novel. In every respect it is an old man's book.

The age of his heroes has always been an important fact about Bellow's novels. Not surprisingly, they have aged over the years. The first three novels were about young men: *Dangling Man*, *The Victim*, and then with an exuberant burst, *Augie March*. The pathos of Wilkie Adler in *Seize the Day* was his refusal to recognize that he was no longer a child, his inability to accept the terms of manhood. Henderson represented an energetic, triumphant maturity; Herzog a *kvetchy* middle age. Artur Sammler, at the end of the progression, well settled into venerableness, is about twenty years older than Bellow himself; and so, it would seem, is Bellow. There is something desperate in this choice of persona, something crotchety about the rejection the book makes. Sammler, who is blind in one eye, peers out at the world and doesn't like what he sees. He is king only if one accepts the premise that he is living in the land of the blind. It is all too clear that this is Bellow's premise.

Artur Sammler is a Polish Jew now living in New York. The novel covers three hectic days in his life. If the time seems more expansive, that is because most of what happens really takes place as memories and musings in Sammler's mind. His whole history is played out for us. An Anglophile, he went to England as a correspondent for a Polish journal. He lived during the twenties and thirties in Bloomsbury, an acquaintance of H. G. Wells, about whom he had once hoped to write a memoir. In 1939, during a return visit to Cracow, he had been caught

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in the pogroms, sent to a concentration camp, forced to dig his own grave. He survived, miraculously, painfully, hiding out for the rest of the war in a Polish forest, "one of the doomed who had lasted it all out."

> Scarcely worth so much effort, perhaps. There are times when to quit is more reasonable and decent and hanging on is a disgrace. Not to go beyond a certain point in hanging on. Not to stretch the human material too far. The nobler choice. So Aristotle thought.

After the war Sammler came to New York where he lives through the generosity of his nephew, a retired doctor named Elya Gruner. His most satisfying activities are observing life on upper Broadway and making daily trips to the microfilm room of the New York Public Library to read with his one good eye (the other had been smashed by the butt of a German rifle) the 13th-century works of Meister Eckhardt.

Sammler is the most ruminative, the most passive of Bellow's heroes. He is visited by friends, relatives, students who take delight in him (not his words—they do most of the talking; not his attentiveness—most of the time he is bored with their endless haranguing about themselves). At 70 he has still managed to preserve his sanity, decency, uprightness. It is more than can be said for the world. A living exemplar of the liberal tradition, he rejects the accelerating madness of the present: the indecent politics (both reaction and revolution); the hip lifestyle, the passion for originality ("Better, thought Sammler, to accept the inevitability of imitation and then to imitate good things. The ancients had this right"); the rush to conquer space. Almost everyone Sammler comes into contact with, his younger relatives especially—sloppy, irresponsible, promiscuous, harebrained—all are hooked on the dissolution of the times.

Sammler for some time now has been aware that a pickpocket has been working the bus he takes home from the library: a tall black man elegantly dressed in a camel's-hair coat and Dior sunglasses. On the day on which the novel's action begins the pickpocket follows Sammler home to the lobby of his apartment building. Saying not a word, he forces Sammler into a corner and makes his terrified captive look at his exposed penis. That unsettling moment is an image for the novel as a whole: reason and decency confronting raw, lawless, primordial threat. Civilization facing disintegration. (On another level right on the surface, but no less revealing for that: the old Jew and his black nemesis.)

Sammler had just been returning from an impromptu lecture that one of his admirers had asked him to give at Columbia. It had been a fiasco. His learning, his culture, his speculative intelligence meant nothing to the inattentive mob of ragged, long-haired, offensively smelling youth. (Sammler is persistently aware of people's animal odors: his nose, as well perhaps as the whole of his sensibility, is too delicate for the raw world he lives in.) The lecture had ended suddenly, in near-riot conditions, when an angry student jumped up at Sammler's passing mention of George Orwell:

> "Orwell was a fink. He was a sick counterrevolutionary. It's good he died when he did. And what you are saying is shit." Turning to the audience, extending violent arms and raising his palms like a Greek dancer, he said, "Why do you listen to this effete old shit? What has he got to tell you? His balls are dry. He's dead. He can't come."

This outburst, meant to characterize the student movement and the consciousness of the New Left, characterizes more than anything else what has gone wrong with this novel. When an artist who is no blunderer—and Bellow is a supreme artist—furnishes so false a moment, it is something of a revelation. Bellow has failed to give credibility to the opposition.

The point of course is that opposition is just what it is: the student is recognizable only as a nasty caricature. He is part of a whole corpus of signs and tendencies that this novel is proclaiming against. He is being used. Worse still is the growing impression that Sammler himself is being used. With all his individuality, depth, carefully delineated past, cluttered present, richness of mind, beauty of soul, he is finally less a character than a perspective for viewing the lunacy of our age.

Lunacy: the word's derivation is prophetic of our latest national craze. *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, very much rooted in the topical, abounds with references to man's landing on the moon. The excitement, as Sammler sees it, is the final symptom of our inability to live with ourselves. "This is the time," he reflects, "to blow this great blue, white, green planet, or to be blown from it." Man is racing to the moon to escape his own futurelessness. He has messed up the earth too much to want to inhabit it. He has messed up himself too much to care any longer for his own finite existence. He looks instead for cheap infinities.

The earth is Mr. Sammler's planet. The finite is his personal province. "A few may comprehend that it is the strength to do one's duty daily and promptly that makes saints and heroes. Not many. Most have fantasies of vaulting into higher states."

> Just look (Sammler looked) at this imitative anarchy of the streets—these Chinese revolutionary tunics, these babes in unisex toyland, these surrealist warchiefs, Western stagecoach drivers—Ph.D.s in philosophy, some of them (Sammler had met such, talked matters over with them). They sought originality. They were obviously derivative. And of what—of Paiutes, of Fidel Castro? No, of Hollywood extras. Acting mythic. Casting themselves into chaos, hoping to adhere to higher consciousness, to be washed up on the shores of truth.

Costumes, escapes, originality, the moon trip itself—this is how we sublimate our nihilism.

Wallace Gruner, the doctor's son, best exemplifies this craziness. A near genius, he is good for nothing. Having graduated from law school, he locked himself in his paneled office and spent all day doing crossword puzzles. Now his latest interest is a business scheme for making aerial photographs of estates in Dutchess County with the fauna labeled with their Latin names. Wallace was the 512th person to make a reservation with Pan Am for a flight to the moon. At the end of the novel, the day on which his father dies, Wallace crashes his plane onto the roof of a house in New Rochelle. "I'm a different generation. I never had any dignity to start with," Wallace says to Sammler. A kind of intelligent Wilkie Adler (also the son of a Jewish doctor), Wallace epitomizes the generation lapse. In *Seize the Day* it had been possible for Bellow to make the wastrel son a sympathetic character. But not here, not now.

If there is someone in this novel with whom Sammler can sympathize and respect it is Wallace's father. Although it is almost a certainty that Dr. Gruner amassed a small fortune performing abortions for the Mafia, Sammler doesn't fasten on this point (he finds it easier to forgive the vagaries of his contemporaries). Gruner's moral strength is his traditional family feeling, which Sammler realizes he himself is deficient in. "No question. Dr. Gruner . . . had a lot of family feeling, far more than Sammler, who in his youth had taken the opposite line, the modern one of Marx-Engels-private-property-the-origins-of-the-state-and-family." (Sammler now denounces Marx as "that furious world-boiler." He has less use for Freud. When Wallace, after one of his more outrageous destructions, says he wonders whether the act had been "a message to the world from my unconscious self," Sammler replies: "Why send such mes-

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sages? Censor them. Put your unconscious mind behind bars on bread and water.")

Ending his days in an era of neo-barbarism, after a life of unspeakable outrages, what Sammler finally settles on is a code of old-fashioned uprightness. Alone with Gruner's corpse, his thoughts—the thoughts on which the novel ends—are a prayer for the soul of this man who always did "what was required of him," who "was aware that he must meet, and he did meet—through all the confusion and degraded clowning of this life through which we are speeding—he did meet the terms of his contract."

Bellow has written a novel with a message. The message, one may well complain, is inadequate for the novel's mounting perplexities. It seems almost a sentimental abdication. More than this, one may feel that there is a kind of collapse in such reductiveness. The narrative energies of *Mr. Sammler's Planet* have been thoroughly subordinated to its testamentary purpose. Morally and artistically, the book too easily dismisses its own life.

The novel's action is only an erratic counterpoint to the turns of Sammler's thoughts. The climactic event, Sammler's meeting with Dr. V. Govinda Lal (an Indian biophysicist, the author of a speculative work called *The Future of the Moon*) gives rise to almost 30 pages of speechifying conversation, so dense, so undistilled, so undramatic that it is often difficult to tell who is speaking to whom. And to care. The Indian biophysicist? The Polish refugee? No, it is Saul Bellow conducting a graduate proseminar. The faltering design of this book cannot bear the burden of such self-indulgence.

Untransmuted self-indulgence may also account for the moralistic stance: one senses Bellow's presence far too much in the sour reflections of Artur Sammler. With *Mr. Sammler's Planet* Bellow has turned moralizer. The novel is an editorial about our times. It is filled with topical allusions (name-dropping for instance: references to Khrushchev, Everett Dirksen, de Gaulle, General Westmoreland, Lucky Luciano, Andy Warhol, Baby Jane Holzer). The novel's ethos depends more on this external topicality than its own internal life. Its characters and situations don't stand a chance: they are there only to mirror our national decline.

Bellow's success as a moral visionary (a far different thing from a moralizer) has been as a creator of private drama. That is the novelist's proper business—it is true even of *War and Peace*. The public sphere, meant to be a backdrop to the private drama of this novel, palpably overwhelms it. It becomes increasingly clear that the private drama of *Mr. Sammler's Planet* exists only as a vehicle for sounding public proclamations and moral mandates, for getting things off Bellow's chest.

"What if some genius," Sammler wonders, "were to do with 'common life' what Einstein did with 'matter'? Finding its energetics, uncovering its radiance." This is precisely what Bellow has been after in other novels. Not in this one: he is too busy taking aerial photographs. The novel is rich with ideas about life, poor with life itself. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

With Dan Flavin, the Jewish Museum revives the kind of show that has been strongest in its program: retrospectives by artists under 40. The precedents are two exhibitions arranged by Alan Solomon, when he was director: the Robert Rauschenberg show in 1963, when the artist was 38, and the Jasper Johns show in 1964, when the artist was 34. The Flavin show is arranged by Brydon Smith, who two years ago arranged the James Rosenquist exhibition, when the artist was 35. That show and the Flavin were not originated in New York but by the National Gallery of Canada where Smith is a curator. The Rosenquist never came to New York but fortunately the Flavin did. Flavin is 37 and his work occupies three floors of the Jewish Museum.

The museum has seldom looked better. It is not that Flavin's glowing light pieces should be regarded in terms of decor and, thus, as enhancements of the galleries. The relationship is more ambiguous and rewarding than that, but it is true that the works, as they emit visible energy, illumine the space they occupy, which is architectural. The works do have a diagrammatic architectural character, resembling at times pilasters and arcades, fences and gates. These are the works that consist of regularly repeated units. The single, compact pieces often have an obelisk- or urn-like symmetry. The room becomes a container of light and it is the cast light, no less than the formal display of the tubes, that is beautiful. The long pergola-like structure with four colors, for example, is totally changed by the light-order, depending on which end you enter.

The catalogue is full of detailed information, not the sort that a curator digs up but the sort that an artist thrusts on him. He has a (fantasied?) memory of toilet-training at the age of 2 weeks. The catalogue includes the information that his mother, "a stupid, fleshly tyrant of

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a woman," destroyed his childhood drawings and that he had a Latin teacher who blushed when reprimanding teen-age Flavin. Such detail wins away from Robert Indiana's catalogue of his 1968 retrospective the prize for overexposure in recent art documentation. Flavin's self-regard and punctiliousness are evident also in the show's balance. Although his mature style does not start until 1963, the drawing of his first fluorescent light piece is No. 73 in the chronological catalogue.

His early work, though overshown, provides information about New York in the early sixties and it expresses awkwardly qualities that are embodied subtly in his later pieces. In 1958-61 he drew in an Abstract Expressionist style, but interpolated long quotations from James Joyce's early poems and *The Song of Songs*. The words, sentimental and exalted respectively, are tangled in a dirty snarl of ink and water color. This sense of art as an exalted text survives in his mature work which, significantly, he calls icons. And it is true that the Fun House flicker of much light art is miles away from the steady glow of his fluorescent gases. He is more like a Keeper of the Flame than a Coney Island technologist.

In 1960 Flavin used found objects, especially flattened cans, the crinkled blobs of which he attached to panels, adding paint. These works have the rusty and grimy texture of much Downtown art of the period (seen, also, in the early work of Jim Dine, Claes Oldenburg and Lucas Samaras, among others). When he shifted from junk to newly purchased and functioning objects, he did as other artists were doing, moved from an expressionistic urbanism to a more highly structured style. But though Flavin's style changed, two constants remained. He moved from found objects to new objects, but preserved his interest in ready-mades. Also, he preserved his custom of dedication—to friends, to artists, to victims; a persistent memorial intention suffuses his work, in contradistinction to the new age/new media slogans of some light artists.

The first work in Flavin's characteristic style is "The diagonal of personal ecstasy," originally dedicated to Brancusi, because of Brancusi's "Endless Column," at once serial in form and archaic in content. Now it is dedicated to Robert Rosenblum, who owns an early Flavin drawing and some of whose lectures on Ingres Flavin attended. All this information comes from the catalogue, as does the artist's description of the work as "a common eight-foot strip with fluorescent light of any commercially available color."

The number of ways that Flavin has deployed standard light fixtures since 1963 is impressive. In the following year he grouped four tubes in two colors vertically and many of his best works have been in this position. Sometimes they are seen in progression along a wall or round a room, sometimes in a series of stepped forms (as with the Tatlin monument). Since 1966, by various stages, he has complicated his work, beyond diagonal or vertical groups, moving from an art of placement to one of construction. He has overlapped strips and angled them at various gradients, thus introducing design as a shadowy linear structure at the core of his glowing light. In the past few years he has sometimes been tricky in a way that is far removed from his beginning, as with the piece that you look through from behind the reflectors that carry the strips; they illuminate a room from which you are excluded.

Flavin has produced an abundance of remarkable work, but the course of his development raises a problem. There is a perceptible drift from economical forms with a maximum of released light to greater complexity and coloristic nuance. Initially he condensed his early diffuse interests, with a brilliant intuition, into his single bar of light. He did it, moreover, without losing his sense of art's sacredness. Later the problem arises—as it has for others who have clenched their art into one thing—how to keep on working. Often this has meant relaxing and a gradual return to a traditional canon of complexity. A successful retrospective, as it presents a contour of a life's work up to date, raises such questions. I wonder if Flavin, as his pieces get more fancy and multicolored, is not starting to suffer from the limits of his ready-made materials. It may be time for him to consider custom-made fluorescent lights as a means of expansion.□

THE CONNOISSEUR OF JEWS

if there were locomotives to ride home on
& no jews
there would still be jews & locomotives
just as there are jews & oranges
& jews & jars
there would still be someone to write the jewish poem
others to write their mothers' names in light—
just as others, born angry
have the moon's face burnt on their arms
& don't complain
my love, my lady, be a connoisseur of jews
the fur across your lap
was shedding
on the sheet were hairs
the first jew to come to you is mad
the train pulls into lodz
he calls you
by your polish name
then he tells the other passengers a story
there are jews & there are alphabets
he tells them
but there are also jewish alphabets
just as there are jewish locomotives
& jewish hair
& just as there are some with jewish fingers
such men are jews
just as other men are not jews
not mad
don't call you by your polish name
or ride the train to lodz
if there are men who ride the train to lodz
there are still jews
just as there are still oranges
& jars
there is still someone to write the jewish poem
others to write their mothers' names in light

Jerome Rothenberg

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

To find "arresting" theatre, I said last week, one must go Off-Broadway. In one's quest, I now believe, one must venture even farther than Off-Broadway. This week my search extends to New Haven. Soon I shall be reporting from Los Angeles. What's playing in Peking? The trip to Connecticut was decidedly worth while. I saw Strindberg's *Crimes and Crimes* (1899) at the Yale Repertory Theatre and Maxim Gorky's *Country People* (1910), given its American première at the Long Wharf Theatre.

I have frequently suggested to the authorities of regional and university theatres that many excellent plays of the not too remote past merit production, plays which would be entirely new to our audiences. Such productions would not be "revivals" (horrid word) but novelties. And, still better, enjoyable.

Gorky's play is by far the best "new" work of this season. New York should be given the opportunity to see it in its original New Haven production. What struck me as a discovery was the presence in it of people, *real people!* Most of the shows I have recently seen contain ideological mannequins, caricatures, symbols, puppets, guys and dolls—nearly all of them stuffed with straw and at best supported by "concepts," reduced in scope, imported from abroad.

Most plays today contain personae so meager that they almost justify their creators' use of them to convince us that contemporary civilization can produce nothing better than a population which it would not be especially tragic to destroy by the means we have so painstakingly devised. Gorky's country people are real; that is, they are weak, foolish, even ridiculous, but they are also touching. We are not ashamed to acknowledge them as our kin. They deserve concern because each of them contains some remnant of that density or richness of inner experience which recalls a heritage greater than themselves. They may be midgets, but through them we feel our own connection with giants.

Country People is funny, but not through "laugh lines," rib-tickling gimmicks or gags. A group portrait, it does not idealize human beings nor does it demean them. There is mockery in the play—so much so that it disconcerted me at times, for in it I recognized some of my dearest friends and myself to boot. But its mockery is informed with understanding not just "forgiveness."

At its center stands a writer, a silly ass about women, an idealistic, conceited creature who is also a man of respectable gifts, a lover of life, a child whose folly will benefit his fellows. His wife's devotion to him—and what a fine picture of a good woman Gorky paints in her—is not misplaced. All the other characters are drawn with the same simple incisive strokes and truthfulness. Like most of the better Russian writers, Gorky was keenly aware of his country's backwardness, and yet was ennobled by his love for it. His play is neither provincial nor "dated"; it is just as much about us as about "them."

A more studied criticism might compare the play to Turgenev and Chekhov, but on reflection I realize that at this point such discussion would be so much literary gobbledygook. My immediate pleasure is what matters most. Suffice it to say, in addition to the foregoing, that the play is acted and directed with unaffected intelligence and warmth, the work of a permanent company in a modestly attractive theatre.

Crimes and Crimes, with a cast which includes both student actors and professionals, begins almost melodramatically and ends as ironic comedy. Here in a lighter vein Strindberg reiterates his obsessive preoccupations: his vulnerability in regard to women, his sense of guilt, the abject futility of self-hate and marital recrimination. There is, moreover,—and here is a fortuitous parallel with *Country People*—a quizzical taunting of artists' vanity: the dominant figure in the Strindberg play is a dramatist. Strindberg pokes fun at himself. Paris, which is the scene of *Crimes and Crimes*, seems to have edulcorated the great Swede's anguish.

One of the recent entries Off-Broadway is *Transfers* (three one-act plays) by Conrad Bromberg, at the Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam Street. The first of these, the least pretentious, is the one I found most satisfying. A radio interviewer, attempting to publicize the black attitude toward a Harlem riot, asks a Negro youth to tell it "like it is." But the black bo, and a friend stick the interviewer up. Nothing daunted, he consents to give all the money he has on him, plus the jazzy jacket he wears, and a large part of the profits on the expected syndication of the interview if only he can get the story on tape. This is a joke but by no means a bad or pointless one.

"The Rooming House," the second playlet, deals with the desperate loneliness of a poor woman with a 7-year-old child who has been abandoned by her husband. Whatever virtue it may be thought to possess was vitiated by my inability to believe in its pivotal situation.

The woman, sexually continent since her husband's desertion, spends an evening with a young man about whom she knows very little. He invents all sorts of fibs about himself, and after admitting that they are just that, still manages to soften her to a readiness to give herself to him. He then turns scornfully away from her, tells her that all he wanted to do was to teach her that he, she and everyone else are hopeless frauds and never to be trusted. When he leaves her, shattered and ashamed, she welcomes the next chance male she encounters to whom she prepares to give herself without question. In this scene Patricia Roe made me believe *her* but not the main action.

The last item, "Dr. Galley," is a forty-five-minute monologue in which a psychiatrist, substituting for the official pro-

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fessor at a course in analysis, relates his intimate life history. He was married to a woman who proved to be psychotic: she engaged in sexual bouts with the most debased of derelicts. In her addled soul she interpreted this as a road to salvation. She commits suicide and her husband, Dr. Galley, ends his discourse patently insane.

Had this piece been abbreviated by twenty minutes or more, simplified in speech, and more soberly delivered (as I once heard the author do) it might have held my interest. As it stands, it is a disaster.

It is acted by Ron Leibman who plays in all three of the evening's offerings. He is a talented actor in danger of overdoing his capacity to convey neurosis. This tendency makes the first play a somewhat more tricky setup than it need be. In the second, the indication of morbid tension is in proper proportion to the occasion. But besides being a feat of memory on the actor's part, "Dr. Galley" has been transformed into a display of histrionic virtuosity which (*a*) ruins the work's credibility and (*b*) is distasteful in the ostentation with which the material becomes entirely subordinate to the actor's exercise.

It is extremely difficult for any player to hold the stage alone for more than ten minutes at a time (the longest of Shakespeare's soliloquies are half that). In this case, the play demands that we believe for a while that the doctor is simply a knowledgeable and witty lecturer; only as he progresses in his account should we become convinced of his madness. But Leibman, abetted by too many auctorial cadenzas (rendered fortissimo) is clearly a raving lunatic from the outset. Any normal group of students would after five minutes remove him to a hospital under strict surveillance.

As director and producer, Herman Shumlin, who has many laudable achievements to his credit, should have disciplined Leibman, as someone must have done at his Yale performance of Heller's *We Bombed in New Haven*, which I found admirable. If not carefully guided, he, like so many young actors today, will soon become an irritating imitation of himself and suffer diminishing returns on his initial endowment. □

FILMS / Robert Hatch

The challenge of *MASH* is to make an audience laugh in a situation as inherently unfunny as a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, 3 miles from the Korean front. It produces some snorts and yacks (after all, Ring Lardner, Jr. had a hand in the dialogue), but overall I found it dolorous.

That, it turned out, was not because of the basic activity. I had expected to be tested by the blood and gristle of catastrophic wounds, but the injured men are kept so remote from the action (one never gets a clear sight of a face) and the ruptured flesh is so obviously pork that anyone who can maintain his poise in a butcher shop will take those scenes in stride. The doctors most prominently on the scene are *said* to be brilliant practitioners, but they fumble about in half-eviscerated cavities with such immunity to the implications of their work that I could not believe the implications.

So *MASH* is not about battlefield medicine; it is about three allegedly quick-witted young men who, because of their stipulated professional indispensability, can make an ass of the Army. But comedy is fairly hard work, and the picture shows few signs that anyone was willing to give it the necessary attention. The young men in question (played by Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould and Tom Skeritt) are not very inventive iconoclasts. They mock religion, authority and the dignity of women in terms so banal that I felt I was attending skit night in a fraternity house. (They never, it so happens, mock the presence of the U.S. Army in Asia.) And their butts—a milk-toast commanding officer dedicated to concupiscence and fly-tying, a gung-ho Regular Army nurse, incongruously blonde and proportioned, and a religious creep of lascivious bent (sexual japes, you will surmise, are the principal matter of the scenario)—are not worth sharp weapons. My heart sank when, in the opening scene, two MPs and a transportation sergeant fall into a heap of confusion while attempting to pursue two of the heroes, and that pile-up did indeed set the level.

The looks of the cast promise more spirit than the film engenders. Sutherland approaches being an Americanized Jonathan Miller (he has studied the flailing and the half-skip of the master), and I recalled how dejected the *Beyond the Fringe* cast appeared when in later seasons its members turned up in lesser inventions. Robert Altman, the director, is impeded, perhaps, by a script drawn from what must have been a sorry novel. He throws in some golf, he permits his wags to attach pulleys to the nurses' shower tent, he stores beer in the blood refrigerator, he manipulates a football game by administering a hypodermic to the opposing star during a scrimmage. This assumption that if I'm tickled I will laugh, withers my throat. One device that did seem to me pertinently funny may have been Mr. Altman's invention: whenever a conference is held or an order is issued, all those present speak at once and then dash off in bursts of uninformed zeal.

Otherwise, I looked in vain for pertinence or surprise. Nor was I shocked: without some maturity (if not by the participants, at least by the managers), irreverence is merely brash. And when a man, newly arrived at combat headquarters is handed a martini, reaches into his pocket for a bottle of olives, you are confronted with someone's dog-eared joke book; you are not in the presence of wit. War is risible only to the very toughminded; this is a callow bunch. □

WATCHING JIM SHOULDERS

When did my manhood wake to its dying!
Never in New England or in Elko, Nevada, inside
screen doors with legal girls, dulled by fifty cent splits.
But in Colorado's air and snow like first communion lace on
blunt mountains. He was Mantle on horseback, the
same class, and as injured, out of that remote private
America of ranges, ranches, vast wide open space where
sophistication is silence. Truth is your action shot
from corrals, lasso wrist flicked instantly with
eight seconds to rope and tie or lose. Shoulders,
scraping the cheeks of steers along earth cut by
grooves of his boot heels, while those horns that could
cave in ribs, turned until the folds in the animal's
neck looked like its spine would split through skin,
yet didn't in this master's hands.

Leo Connellan

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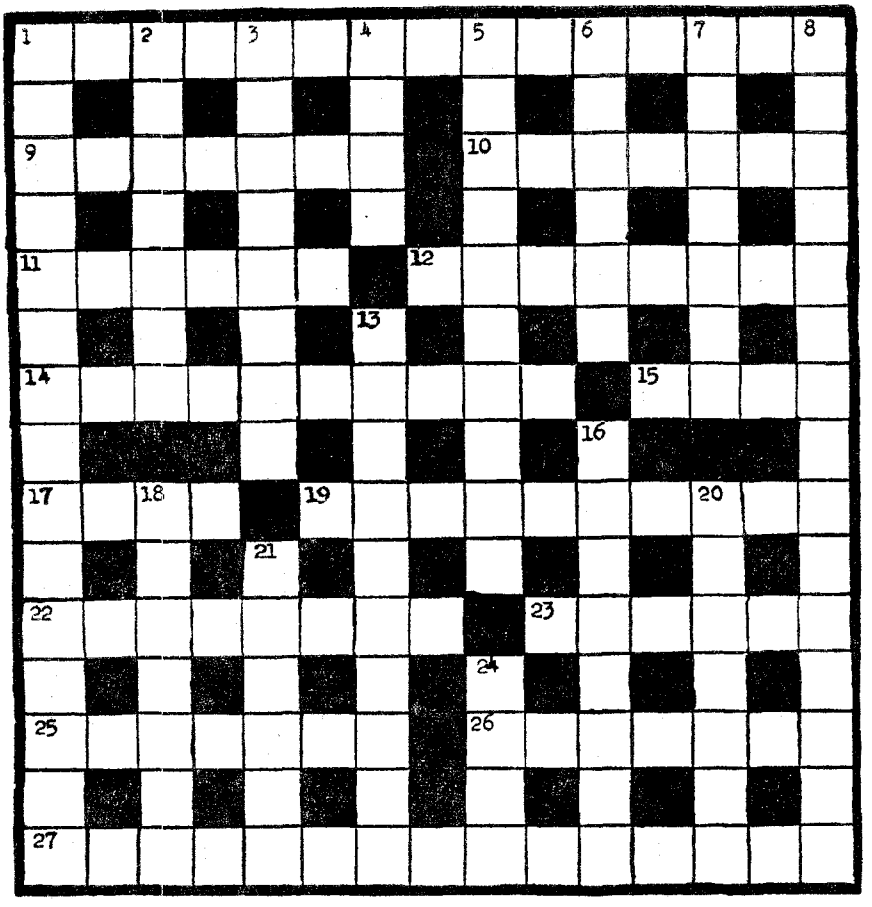
Crossword Puzzle No. 1332

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Implying a very nervous, but smooth-talking approach has electrifying results. (4-7,4)
9 Being full of vim ain't reason for taking one! (7)
10 Implying an early dinner gets things squared away? (5,2)
11 Nothing to say, other than that it's supposed to be good. (2,4)
12 The highest yodeler has to reprimand somebody! (4,4)
14 It sometimes does when frozen on the line, where you can make a clean-up.
15 See 1 down
17 They don't imply one is speaking as a pro. (4)
19 Referring to Minorca's environment, it's out of this world! (10)
22 Out-raced the principal, it could be! (8)
23 Take a drop to start eating? (4,2)
25 Sounds as though such a bloomer should leave you cold! (7)
26 Such a letter is nothing to measure, if very small. (7)
27 Typified by Jackson, it might be seen on a jacket. (4,11)

DOWN

1, 3, 18 and 15 across Prosaic inscription reserved for those who didn't trip. (6,9,4,4,3,4,4)
2 and 24 down Billy isn't really taken by the expression? Bother! (3,4,4)
3 See 1 down
4 In an Old World ship, possibly. (4)
5 Those who find the rink treacherous might be foreigners. (10)
6 Perhaps 2 and 24, in a pointed way. (6)
7 Possibly just around the corner at the market. (2,5)
8 These are frequently padded, but don't necessarily provide luxurious support. (7,8)
13 Such people love piano seats of unusual design. (10)
16 Omaha might remind you of one. (8)
18 See 1 down
20 Not usually won by the dashing type. (4,3)
21 The sound of the surf might suggest one. (6)
24 See 2 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1331

ACROSS: 1 Abracadabra; 9 Cabarets; 10 and 15 Hot and bothered; 11 Pea soup; 12 Press on; 14 Pedals; 17 Grannies; 20 Patter; 22 Ovation; 24 Harmful; 26 Albino; 27 Intended; 28 Certificate. DOWN: 2 Boatswain; 3 Avenues; 4 Also; 5 Athirst; 6 Rates; 7 Raceme; 8 Insole; 13 Abase; 16 Estaminet; 18 Revile; 19 Iron out; 20 Plastic; 21 Etudes; 23 Tripe; 25 Miff.

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